P207.1

OCTOBER
1900

Broadway
Magazine

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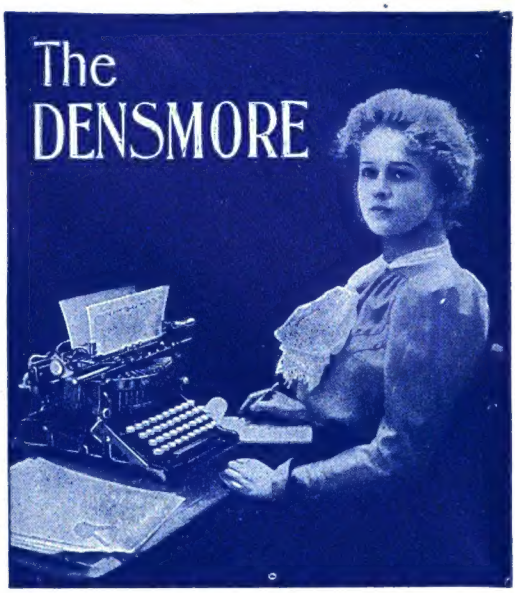

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Photo by Chickering, Boston.

POLLY CHASE.
See article "Artist's Models of America."

SILLY, SILLY MAN.

"Men have such silly faults," said May,
"I could not count poor Jack's;
Just think, of cigarettes one day
He smoked, I think, two packs!"

"It's awful, isn't it!" said Jane,
"I shudder, when I think
Of all the cocktails and champagne
That my poor Ed can drink."

"Such idiotic things they do,"
Indignant May replied.
And all the afternoon these two
Sat there and sighed and sighed.

The list of faults, it grew immense,
Not once did either budge,
And all the while these girls of *sense*
Devoured three pounds of fudge!

JOHN LENORD MERRILL, JR.

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SOME PRETTY BROADWAY GIRLS OF 1900.

1. Zaza Belasco, the girl who thinks she will become a great actress because she wears an eccentric name. She will not. Photo by Chickering, Boston.

2. Lulu Glaser, late principal comedienne with Francis Wilson. She will star. She's funny. Photo by Chickering, Boston.

3. Grace Vaughn, who is pretty, if not notable. Photo by Chickering, Boston.

4. Nellie Butler, whose graceful charms and physical perfections are often put on view for the education of New Yorkers. In tights Miss Butler is a whole book on anatomy.

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SOME PRETTY BROADWAY GIRLS OF 1900.

1. Emma Campbell. Photo by Schloss.

2. Julia Morrison, who figured in the sensational shooting affray in Chattanooga. Photo by Chickering, Boston.

3. Isabelle Evesson. Photo by Sarony.

4. Nellette Reid, the new *Poppæa* in Whitney's "Quo Vadis." Photo by McIan.

5. Another of Emma Campbell. Photo by Schloss again.

Designs of both pages by MacGovern, of the Broadway Magazine regular art staff.

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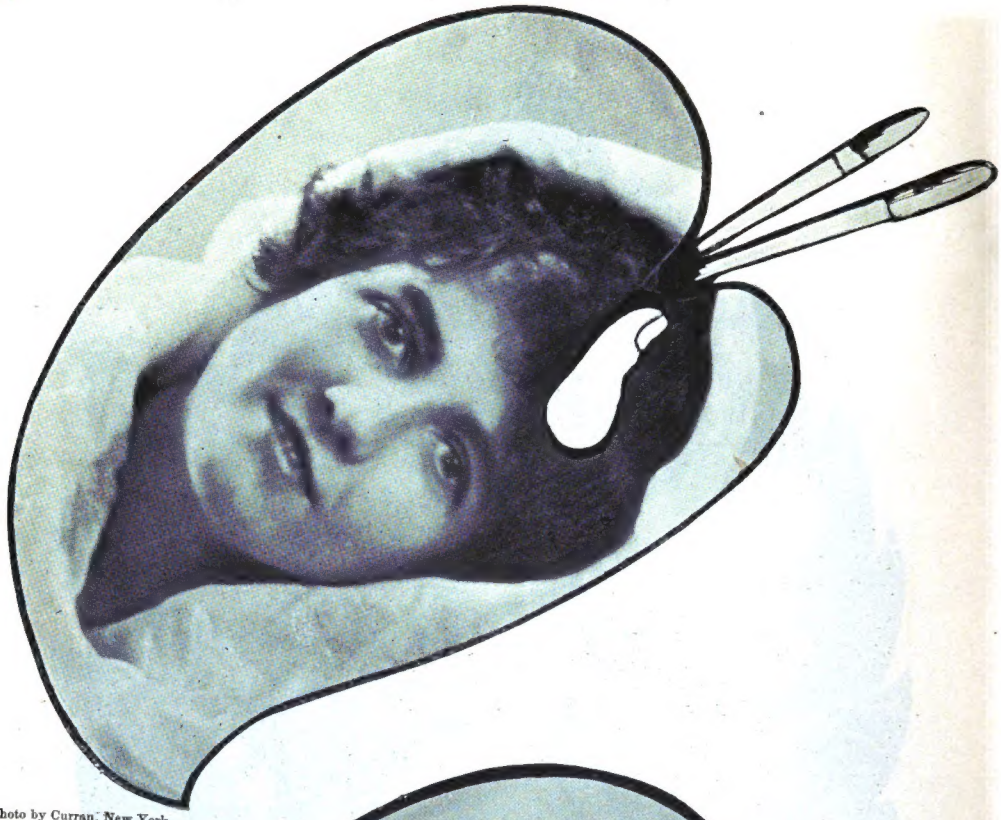

Photo by Curran, New York.
EFFIE HAMILTON.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.
MARGUERITE URQUHART.

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Oct 24, 1939
Edwin Francis Edgett

Broadway Magazine
Vol. VI. October, 1900. No. 1.

BY MORTIMER RAMSAY.

With Photographs taken especially for BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

THIS is entirely about girl models. The model of to-day not only suffers from financial embarrassment, brought about by hard times, but also from the frequent and violent attacks of Mrs. Grundy. The influence of this old lady is always detrimental, with an inverse ratio to the amount of correctness in her information, which is always from hearsay. She has done much to injure the several hundred women who earn their bread and butter by posing

To-day, love nor money cannot find respectable lodgings for a model, if her business is known. It is hardly fair to place the entire blame of this present condition, as do some, on Du Maurier's novel. Living pictures and bronze figures have had quite as much to do with the downfall of the model.

Living pictures took the country by storm, and their first appearance outraged a multitude of fastidious theatre-goers. But after a committee of artists had held council on the subject and pronounced them to be thoroughly conducive to art and entirely lacking in vulgarity, and the daily papers announced that the women who formed them "really wore tights," and pronounced them "fit to show to policemen," even prim old ladies were occasionally to be found drifting into playhouses to watch the performance over the first few rows of baldheads. So, through living pictures, the reputation of the models might have survived. But, when the stage managers got more enterprising and produced bronze figures and the public learned that nothing stood between them and nude women save a coat of bronze paint, and that they were actually in the presence of the "altogether," with the modesty of tights entirely ignored, their contempt for the model reached its height. This was the last straw—and the model's reputation sank apparently beyond redemption.

There are models who could not under any circumstances be induced to pose for the figure. "Their face is their fortune" and they try to make it earn an independent income. No better example of this could be found than Miss Minnie Clark, known to the world as the typical American girl or the Gibson girl. She has posed for all the good artists in New York and for many in Paris. Though she has a most exquisite little figure, no one would ever dream of asking her to sit for its reproduction. Miss Clark's wonderful charms were first depicted

Copyright, 1900, by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

POLLY CHASE,
Already familiar to BROADWAY MAGAZINE readers.

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FLORENCE NICHOLS,
One of Boston's well-known models.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

by the fertile pen of C. D. Gibson, who sketched her in every position and among every class of people. She is nearly always the heroine in his salons of beautiful women, where she is usually engaged in scintillating repartee with some well-known society man, numbers of whom Mr. Gibson has to pose for him.

When Mr. Gibson went to Paris, Miss Clark followed him and posed in his French sketches, which were afterward reproduced in several of the magazines. After he returned to this country she stayed abroad for some time, posing for the Frenchmen, whom she heartily disliked, she says, on account of their "lack of respect."

A well-known artist was heard to relate the following story of how a modest girl was brought step by step to pose for the "altogether": "I met a little girl at the glove counter one day; her face attracted me, and I asked her if she would let me make a sketch of her head. At first she was much embarrassed; but when I told her she might bring her mother, I induced her to promise me to come to my studio the following evening. I made a charcoal sketch of her, and I remember she hesitated when I asked her to loosen her high collar that I might, with a few lines, indicate her pretty neck. She came to my studio many times, but I could not persuade her to pose in anything less modest than an evening dress. Six months after her last engagement with me had closed, I ran across a half-nude figure in a fellow-artist's studio, which I at once recognized as my modest little sitter of a few months back. That fall a life-sized nude of the same girl hung on the line of the Academy, and less than a week ago I saw her posing as Phryne in a vaudeville entertainment."

While posing for the nude, a model will often relate anecdotes to the artist of the time when she was too modest to pose for the neck and shoulders. She looks back upon such a time as one looks back upon one's childhood.

There is a class of models never to be found in art schools where study is from the nude.

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They consider themselves superior to both, and look upon their profession as one entirely outside of school or theatrical work. Lillie Daly is one of these. She is known to nearly every artist in New York, and her exquisite and perfectly moulded little figure has been immortalized by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, who chose her out of the innumerable models who posed for the "Diana" on top of the Madison Square Garden tower. When Miss Daly first started to pose, it was her intention to work in the Academy of Design and the Art Students' League, but the first results were so disastrous that she never ventured into a school again.

"The men treated me well while on the throne," she said; "they were careful and conscientious, and generous about the 'rests.' But after the class had been dismissed they took an entirely different attitude. They wanted to walk home with me, take me to supper, and were generally impertinent. I made up my mind that I would never pose for them again. Soon after, I heard of a woman's life-class wanting a model, and I went to pose for it. I soon made up my mind that I couldn't do that either. The students did not hesitate to make rude remarks about me right in the class-room. On one occasion one of the girls looked at her neighbor's drawing of me and said it reminded her of her (the neighbor's) sister. Whereupon, the latter threw over her easel, said she had no desire to have her sister compared to a common figure model, and left the room. Perhaps that was all right, but she needn't have said it before me.

"Two or three times, when I was hard-up for work, I went to pose for the women artists. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life. They not only treated me as though I was something much beneath them, but as though they were ashamed to be in the room with me. Sometimes, when I was terribly tired, after holding a difficult position for an hour and a half, the artist would ask me if I didn't know how wicked it was to pose. She would talk religion to me and ask me if I didn't want my soul saved. It's hard enough work to be a model, without having your sins thrown at your head. Besides, when a woman gets going on a subject like that, she always forgets the time for the 'rests.'"

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

Another one of Polly Chase.

Though there is much truth in what Miss Daly believes to be the attitude of women artists towards models, there are many honorable exceptions. A real artist, whether man or woman, looks upon the model for her beauty alone, and does

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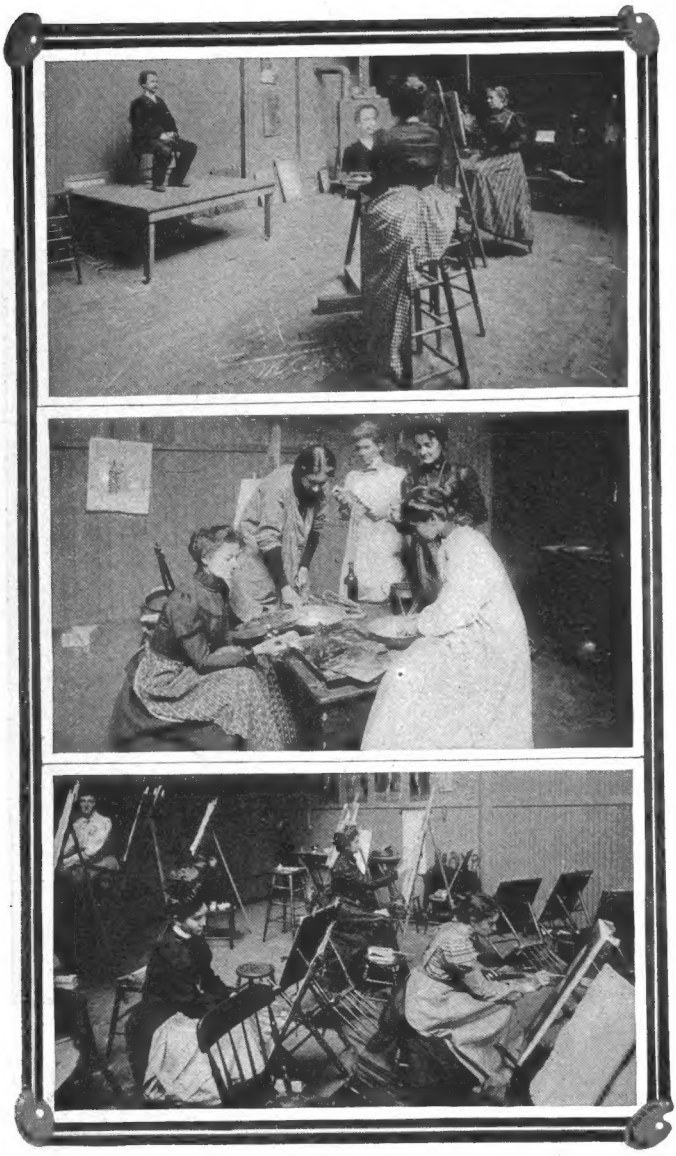

Some snapshots at the students who draw from living models at the Chase School, New York.

not criticise her from any other standpoint.

Not long ago there were a few cases of models being seriously injured by the men they posed for. A well-known sculptor put a girl in a plaster-cast and left the room, intending to come back in the course of a few minutes and release her. This he would no doubt have done, had not a friend come in and suggested their going out to get a drink or some equally important thing. He did not return for nearly three-quarters of an hour. When he entered his studio he found his model almost unconscious and moaning most pitifully. The plaster had become very hot and contracted so as to cause her intense suffering. With the aid of a physician the girl was restored to consciousness and taken home. It must be said to the credit of the artist that he not only paid the doctors' and nurses' bills for the girl, but also the running expenses for herself and her mother, until she was again able to earn her own livelihood.

Mr. William M. Chase has the names of over three hundred models in his address-book. Small foot-notes tell him just for what each one is valuable. One girl he hires because she has a beautiful arm, another who has the exact shade of hair which he loves to paint, while the third, fourth and fifth he will take for symmetry of form, handsome carriage, or because her skin matches some fabric against which he wishes to paint her. It will be remembered that, when the bronze figures got into trouble and several dozen women were arrested for posing for them, Mr. Chase was the first to come to the rescue and help them out of trouble. William T. Smedley seldom uses a figure model, but he is a good authority on draped models, and of them speaks most highly.

Though it is the very hardest kind of work, a young woman who poses often gets a good deal of pleasure from her profession. She knows that she has been chosen from among a large number of her sex because she possesses a beauty which they have not. She feels that she is admired, and that buoys her up, when she would otherwise be too tired to stand. To her, admiration means life. The healthy model glories in her beauty. She loves the air she breathes, because it expands her snowy chest. The strain of standing on tiptoe is a pleasure rather than a pain, because she loves to

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watch the muscles force her well-formed limbs into a still better shape. She loves to feel her luxuriously flowing head of hair nestle about her well-moulded shoulders and to know that she is admired for the charms which God has given her.

To enter a studio and find the throne occupied by an old woman is a sad sight. What charms the profession may have had for her when she was young and fair have long vanished. Her physical beauty no longer excites admiration, she tires easily, and consequently often becomes unsatisfactory to the artist before her pose is half over. Her work is drudgery, and her life a burden.

There is one consolation for the old woman model. There are fewer of them, and consequently they can demand higher wages. This is because an old woman is usually too prejudiced to adopt this calling, and women who have been brought up to the profession all their lives are not apt to reach a very old age.

But there is one phase of the profession which is even more sad than that of the old woman. Nothing could be more pathetic than a little girl model. For, a child at ten or twelve whose feelings have been so blunted that, totally unconscious of modesty, she goes from studio to studio asking for employment, means unquestionably that sooner or later the child will come to grief.

So you see that I do not altogether approve of posing as a profession for young girls. It is a dangerous one.

Three flashlight snapshots of students at work at the Chase School.

MISS GORDON,
A model noted for her pretty neck and shoulders, on the pedestal at the Chase School.

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Artist's Models.

ESTELLE FRANKLIN,
of Boston.

BERTHA DARIEL,
actress.

GERTRUDE DE LESDEMER AYRE,
of Washington, D. C.

MARIE CONVERSE,
of Chicago.

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RICHARD MANSFIELD, THE MAN.

ALSO SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT HIS METHODS OF PREPARING FOR "KING HENRY THE FIFTH."

By N. D. Hanna.

Illustrated with Photographs by Pach, New York.

Mansfield after returning from a drive.

THERE is more written about Richard Mansfield and probably less truth told than about any other man in the public eye. From the amount of space devoted to him in the newspapers, some people imagine that he is a shrewd advertiser. Those who understand him best, know that he avoids the eccentric and gossipy publicity given to him, though legitimate *réclame* is sweet to his soul as to any man's whose wares are for sale.

Richard Mansfield is as much in love with his home as with his art. On the stage, whether at rehearsal or during performance, he is the absorbed, strenuous artist laboring indefatigably for supreme result, diligent and intense, rapid in thought and perception, naturally impatient sometimes when dullards do not follow the intuitions of his genius with winged swiftness. At home he is the ideal of a private citizen.

His wife, his boy, and his home receive all his attention that he can spare from work and preparation for work. For Mansfield is a great and persevering student. His library is an airy, light room at the top of his house. It is lined with books, and the desk, sitting before the bay window, is littered with all the evidences of his labors. For instance, his studies on King Henry V began a year ago. He first gave his attention to a modern acting version of Shakespeare's great play. This is divided into eighteen scenes, each of which is different in pictorial setting from the others. Then he gathered authorities on the historic originals of the scenes. The work of building and painting these elaborate panoramas began last December, and was completed only a few weeks before the production. Then he dug up authorities on heraldry, battle flags, war implements, armor, court dress and the hundreds of properties in the play. Mansfield is thorough to a degree.

But study and work do not claim all the time which he is obliged to take away from his domestic ease. A man who works as hard as Mansfield must necessarily have athletic exercise. He is a natural athlete, and exercise is as much a joy as a duty to him. Usually his

Mansfield in his studio.

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Mansfield in two characteristic attitudes.

out-of-door exercises are taken in horseback riding on King Cole or Liberty. Mrs. Mansfield often joins him in a canter down Riverside or through the park. Boating, either with oars or before the mast, is another physical and mental invigoration which the great actor relishes. It is said that in his school days at Derby, England, he was the champion swimmer among all the boys. His frame is singularly well knit, and his muscles are cords of steel.

During the winter he labors as probably does no other man of the dramatic profession; and here it may be said, that, as Mansfield regards it and treats it, the profession of acting is one of the learned professions. Yet, for all his work, he is a temperate man in both food and drink. He eats the simplest meats and vegetables, though he is punctilious to a degree about the quality and cooking of his food. He has no faddish notions about total abstinence, but he has very positive aversion to the abuse made of the delicious and desirable products of the field and the vintage. Not all day long before the evening of a performance, or during his evening work, does one drop of liquor or stimulant pass his lips. Nor when the curtain drops and he returns fatigued, indeed often well nigh prostrated, by his evening's work, does he seek the refreshment of a sparkling draught. He fears the consequence of artificial stimulation. But when he has changed his costume for his street clothes, after the drive homeward has rested him and restored normal temperature, and he sits to his supper, of cold fowl and perhaps a salad, then he allows himself a pewter of Scotch and Apollinaris, which he drinks slowly during perhaps an hour.

These suppers, modest in a culinary sense, are the rarest hour of the day for the great actor and his friends. He usually surrounds himself with a congenial three or four, and the environment and relaxation find Mr. Mansfield in his serenest mood. He is full of jest and humor, playful repartee and artful banter.

When in New York his Sunday evenings present the opportunity for a dinner party, and a gathering in his drawing-room afterward, which partakes much of the nature of a Salon. A list of the company would reveal many of the most conspicuous names in national and international politics, diplomacy, letters, music and art.

But after all, home and friends occupy

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a very small part of the time of a busy and energetic artist like Richard Mansfield. To be thoroughly acquainted with the actor away from the footlights is to see him in his dressing room as well as in his home, for that strange, stuffy little corner is his abode a great many hours a day. How do you picture Mansfield in his dressing room? If your imagination fails you, accept the description of a writer who has visited that holy of holies.

"It is a square little box of a place, with gray walls and high ceiling. The dark crannies up there suggest a spider's cozy corner or two, and distinctly I heard the scratch-scratch of a busy mouse gnawing in the plaster. A big mirror reflected the crowded chaos of trunks, costumes, swords, hats, wigs and lights — lights which poured a damp flood of heat against you like the vapors of a Turkish bath, for this room had no smallest ventilation, except through the one door that led on to the stage. Through this door came the noises of shifted scenes, shuffled furniture, and even the tramp of horses' hoofs, as the white chargers were led by to their places in the big coach's traces. Heat and noise! That was the impression and the fact. How can an artist exist in it, much less remember, feel, plan and act? I rushed out into the fresh air with inexplicable relief. Mansfield had endured this for three hours; he had two more of it before him; five hours to-night and every night!"

And there you have the stage side of Mansfield.

Mr. Mansfield's house on Riverside Drive, near One hundred and fourth street, New York.

ABOUT EDWIN ARDEN.

Editor BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

I have taken and read several dramatic magazines, but none to my mind, seems to compare with BROADWAY MAGAZINE. I have taken it for the past eight months from my newsdealer, and so far I can find no fault with it.

Will you kindly inform me if Edwin Arden is married? If married, whom to? How long has he been on the tage? Has he ever starred? And last will you give me a photo of Mr. Arden in your next number? What do you think of him as an actor?

One who admires his acting,

MISS BRONX.

Edwin Arden married a daughter of the late Thomas Keene, tragedian.

He has been acting for fifteen years.

He starred for several years.

He can act—why not? That's what he is paid for.

Picture later.

ABOUT CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

To the Editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

Will you kindly tell me through BROADWAY MAGAZINE whether Chauncey Olcott, the singer, is married and to whom? You will oblige a constant reader of your magazine.

Yours very truly,

ALICE V. SNOTH.

Mansfield on his private saddle-horse.

Mr. Olcott is married to a non-professional. We believe it was his first offense.

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THIS IS OUR EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT! YOUNG MAN, READ!

ISSUED ON THE 23D DAY OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF PUBLICATION
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Vol. VI. OCTOBER, 1900. No. I.

AN OPEN LETTER TO YOUNG MEN.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA:

This is meant for you.

Fifty or even twenty-five years ago any young fellow of fair ability, honesty and energy had a reasonable chance of becoming a somebody in the community. He could be an employer and make himself a factor in the busy life of the times.

It was an era of small capital, small stores, but big ambition. It was the time when men, even though obscure and with little capital, could, by exercising frugality and taking advantage of opportunities or making them when occasion demanded, be absolutely certain of attaining position and a competence if not actual wealth.

WHEN YOUNG MEN AMOUNTED TO SOMETHING.

Those were the stirring times when the might and intelligence of a united people were working out the great problem of a marvelous country's growth. We were then a business nation formed of countless individuals, each filling a niche and each adding his quota of brain and brawn.

The average man, who, by energy and economy, had saved a few dollars, was able to start in business for himself. Young men always had this incentive. They knew they had an equal chance with their fellows, and it was this feeling of security in the future that laid the foundation of this great country, which, young, healthy, and virile itself, was eminently a young man's country. Every such man knew that it was within the range of possibility for him to become a Gould or a Vanderbilt.

EVERYTHING WITHIN HIS GRASP.

No avenue of business endeavor was closed to him. The markets of the world, the realms of finance, the technical fields of manufacturing and railroading, and the allied forces of civilization were open to those who would enter them.

To sum it up: the young man of a few years ago was master of himself and his destinies, and was guaranteed by the very condition of the country and the trend of the times, that absolute and well-defined equality held out to all by our Constitution.

WHAT DO YOU AMOUNT TO NOW?

Where do you, the young man of to-day, find yourself? Stop and consider if you are not in this exact position! Even if, in your youth and thoughtlessness, you have not given much attention to great social problems, you cannot fail to have noticed a growing, insidious and apparently irresistible force that has changed the aspect of the commercial, financial, and manufacturing business of the country. You have seen all the small concerns that have been the back-bone of American industry swallowed up in a whirlpool.

And to-day you must see that, as things are now drifting, there is no hope for you in the future. By no chance can you ever cope with that great, heartless, strong, relentless factor that is grinding out the stamina, the hope, and the ambition of every young man in America to-day. There is no use in your trying to save money and start in business for yourself. The business world is closed to you.

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YOUNG MAN, YOU MUST READ THIS!

THE EVIL TO YOUNG MEN.

All this, of course, has reference to Trusts, but please remember that the Trust is not a great big glittering generality. It is a cold fact, borne out by figures, and is as surely an element warring against the material and personal welfare of the young man and his family as anarchy itself. Think of it—1,000,000 persons thrown out of employment by the formation of new Trusts during the past four years, thereby adding to the already colossal wealth of the Trusts over a billion dollars. But remember also, that the remedy is in your own hands and that you have in your power a sure, direct and deadly weapon in the form of a vote.

Are you a clerk in the employ of the Sugar Trust? If so, are you not perfectly aware that there is no reason under God's blue heaven why you should try to better your position or look forward to a career that means anything but drudgery and a bare living? Why should Mr. Havemeyer pay you one dollar more than he does, when he knows there are plenty of others to take your place because the labor market is glutted with strong American manhood forced into idleness by these illegal combinations?

GOD HELP YOU!

Are you employed by the Steel Trust, the Rubber Trust, or the Zinc Trust? If so, God help you, for you know, and the whole nation knows, that you are but a cog in a great throbbing, merciless machine that grinds out the life-blood of the young men of our country, so that a few well-dressed, over-fed and overbearing individuals may build yachts and gradually but surely form an offensive and dyspeptic aristocracy.

Can you for a moment be undecided as to which of the parties has made possible the conception of the Trusts, their continuance and growing power?

THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EVIL.

Mark Hanna, one of the shrewdest, cleverest and wealthiest men of America, is the embodiment of the Trust idea. The Republicans themselves cannot deny this; and Mr. Hanna, in his indifference and supreme contempt for the working man, will not take the trouble to do so.

When, therefore, a man like Mark Hanna, shrewd, far-seeing, calculating and experienced to a degree, insists that a continuance of the present state of affairs is possible only by the election of Mr. McKinley, is it not a direct acknowledgment that McKinley, standing as he does for Hanna, stands also for what his master represents—Trusts and more of them?

THE ISSUE IS PLAIN.

Young man, do not let yourself be fooled by the opponents of William J. Bryan, who, in their frantic endeavor to hide the real danger of the Trusts, are trying to raise false alarms. They will tell you that Bryanism means a debased money, anti-patriotism and a dozen other things that in themselves become important only because the shouters are red-faced and hysterical in their efforts to get away from the main issue.

OUR OBJECT.

This letter to Broadway Magazine readers is not intended for a political argument in the usual sense of the term. The intention is not to decry Mr. McKinley, nor to praise Mr. Bryan. It is the intention, however, to let every young man in America know what the Trusts have been and are doing to him, and what they will continue to do to him if he does not make use of the tremendous power in his hands and prepare to crush out a national evil that, if not checked at once and for all time, will make us a nation of autocrats and serfs.

THINK IT OVER.

Think this over carefully. It is plain matter-of-fact common sense. It is true, and you know it. You cannot do yourself, the cause or the country a better service than by handing this letter to a friend, be he Democrat or Republican.

For the Trust is no respecter of parties, and strikes alike the young and old of whatever creed or faction.

Young man, are you convinced? Then remember, your vote is the nation's remedy.

ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY,
Editor.

YOUNG MAN, WE WILL HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO SAY TO YOU NEXT MONTH!

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ADÈLE RITCHIE, AND A VASE.

This is from a photo by Chickering, Boston, who is somewhat proud of this particular production. Miss Ritchie is blonde, svelte and stunning. Her most recent appearance was with "The Cadet Girl" company, and her blondness, always pronounced, fairly scintillated in the calcium. Miss Ritchie sings nicely and is young enough.

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"RITA."

That's all. She's an English girl of French parentage and sings like a bird in the music-halls.

AFRAID.

JONES—Did you take your wife to the "Moulin Rouge" when you were in Paris?
BROWN—Not on your life, my boy. I thought she'd kick if I took her there.

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MAKING AN ACTOR OF TERRY McGOVERN

BY

THEODORE KREMER

Illustrated from photographs taken at rehearsal by L. S. White, New York, especially for BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

WELL, to commence, I took my MS. and cut such little words as "cyclophonic," "deteriorate," etc., entirely out of the part which Terry was to invest with his pugilistic personality. But he noticed the blue-pencil marks and indignantly but gently informed me that he could handle his tongue as well as his fists, and to my great delight I was able to replace my pet phrases—every author detests to cut a single line out of his MS.—and so we started our first rehearsal on the best of terms.

Soon, however, clouds arose on our dramatic horizon when I discovered that the soubrette who had been engaged to play the opposite part to Terry was much too tall for my pupil, who could reach her voluptuous lips with his only by standing on the tips of his toes, which looked and made him feel decidedly awkward. Knowing that soubrettes need cash for the summer months, I didn't want to discharge her, so I suggested in a mild sort of way that she receive the necessary kiss while sitting on an ash-barrel — the scene being laid in the Bowery, I couldn't very well have a Turkish divan—but that made matters worse, for Terry, when stooping to give the necessary kiss, looked anything but graceful, and the only way out of the embarrassing situation was to have Terry sit and the girl stand, so at last that highly necessary kiss was exchanged on a fairly square business basis and without the soubrette losing her position.

Terry objects to the elimination of the difficult words from the manuscript of "The Bowery After Dark."

Next came the important and tragic scene with the villain. Terry just loved that scene. As the villain was not at the first rehearsal I read his lines, and before I realized what had happened found myself on the floor with Terrible Terry's still more terrible fists in close proximity to my throat. That I am still living is due to a kind Providence and a well-starched collar, which saved me from an awful fate. I gasped and wriggled, but Terry in his earnestness and desire to please me mistook my convulsions for acting, and didn't relinquish his fearful grasp till he noticed that my otherwise healthy complexion changed into a decided blue. After I struggled to my feet and begged him to be less realistic, he smiled serenely, remarking that "a fellow like you would be a cinch in a wrestling match."

From this on everything went smoothly till we reached the great climax, where Terry implores "kind heaven" to save him. That imploring upward gesture was nothing but an exaggerated "upper-cut," and, try as I would, he insisted on launching out at "kind

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Kremer is the author of the play in which Mr. McGovern is starring this season.

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Terry grows altogether too realistic in handling the villain, played for the occasion by the author.

heaven" as if it were F. Erne. His genial and persevering nature made him triumph at last, and I feel convinced that Terrible Terry will give a far more artistic and natural performance of a rather difficult rôle than some real actors I know.

OBJECTS TO "MAGGIE."

Editor BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Will you allow me to state that picture No. 7 in "A Full House" (September issue) is Miss Nettie Heckley Barton, not "Maggie Bennett." BROADWAY seldom needs to be "called down" for mistakes, but Miss Barton's friends are too numerous to allow her to be called Maggie, I am sure.

Very truly,

Woodstown, N. J.,
Aug. 28, 1900.

E. W. HUMPHREYS,
Manager, Opera House

OUT OF ORDER.

"Mister Speaker," drawled the moss-grown member from Shellback county, unfolding his lank length from his seat and inserting his voice into the wrangle which was going on in the Arkansaw legislature, "I rise to offer a resolution that——"

"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman is out of order!" broke in another member. "He is entirely out of order, and therefore can't offer a resolution!"

"That's whur the gen'leman is barkin' up the wrong tree, Mr. Speaker!" calmly said the member for Shellback. "I was out of order — gol blamed badly out of order — some little time ago; but, by the advice of a friend, I took three bottles of Dr. So-and-So's Jersey Celebrated Liver Regulator, and it made a new man of me. I hain't out of order any longer, and, with the Speaker's permission, I'll tharfore purseed to offer my resolution."

Terry rehearses "kind heaven" with much vigor and enthusiasm.

MODESTY.

FIRST LAWYER—She is the most obdurate witness I ever saw. She won't even tell the bare facts in the case.

SECOND LAWYER—That is not obduracy; that is modesty.

SHE HADN'T NOTICED ANY ORIGINALITY.

ELLA—Fred is a very original fellow.

STELLA—I don't see but that he kisses just like everybody else.

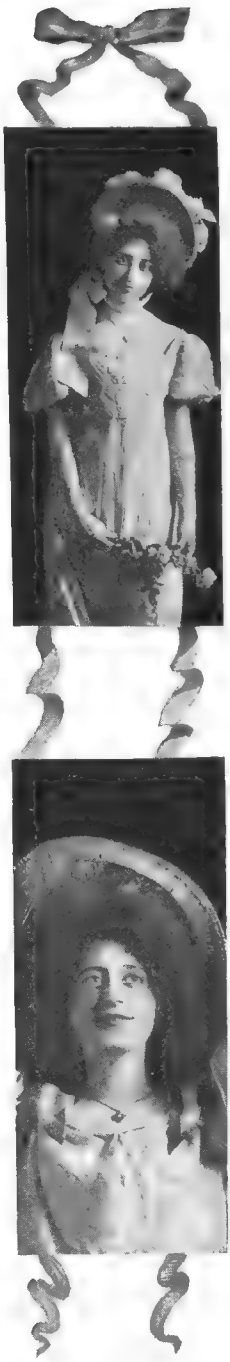

Photo by Morfort, Chicago.

RUBY HAYES,
American actress and pretty woman.

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Gin Fizzes and Things.

BEING CANDID GOSSIP OF BROADWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

WALTER JONES AND HIS WIDOW.

The girls might as well make up their minds that they have lost Walter Jones. He will surely marry the wealthy and attractive Widow Pulsifer, of Chicago, unless his whilom nature should induce him to change his mind again. Mrs. Pulsifer, who is not middle-aged and unattractive, as one newspaper has described her, is deeply in love with the good-looking actor. It is her intention to have Walter leave the stage at least temporarily, and to take a Continental trip. I'm afraid, however, that in this respect she will be disappointed. Walter Jones is on the stage end of it; he has lived in its brain-tiring, but seductive atmosphere since he was a mere boy, and all the domesticity in the world will not make him a banker, a grocer, or a beer-bottler. But Mrs. Pulsifer seems happy and Walter looks unworried.

MR. CONSIDINE AS A THEATRICAL FACTOR

If John R. Considine, the sportingman and backer of pugilists, makes money with Eddie Foy and "A Night In Town," he will undoubtedly become a factor in theatricals. He has plenty of ready cash at his disposal and is a good enough gambler to take his share of chances. While he is a great admirer of Foy and has faith in him, he also has a warm personal interest in a young and pretty member of "A Night In Town" company. This interest is torrid and lasting, and it will take some very bad business to make Considine throw up the sponge.

RATCLIFFE AND HIS ASPIRATIONS.

Gossip, the new weekly paper that has created a sensation in New York, was the first to announce that there was trouble between Kate Claxton and her husband, Charles Stevenson, over the red-headed Carter, and also to announce that E. J. Ratcliffe contemplated an early return to the stage. The daily papers immediately took up the stories and threshed them out to the extent of many columns.

Ratcliffe, by the way, has, with the assistance and advice of his stanch friend Brent Goode, about made up his mind that the American public is not yearning for his presence. As a matter of fact, theatregoers would either ignore him and any play in which he might appear, or would go to a lot of trouble to show him that wife-beaters are not popular in this country. As *Gossip* says: "Ratcliffe, don't do it." And Ratcliffe probably will not.

JENNIE YEAMANS IN BAD TASTE.

I have always looked upon Jennie Yeamans as a funny and clever woman. She is one of the few comediennes on the stage to-day and is especially popular with vaudeville audiences. At times, however, she indulges in so-called witticisms regarding her marital affairs that are in execrable taste. Some time ago I saw her at Proctor's Pleasure Palace. In a box were two of her friends. During her turn, which was bright and never dragged for a moment, she returned to her old trick of making facetious remarks about her experiences as a married woman, referred to her one-time husband as "excess baggage," and made sundry allusions to his having loafed for years at her expense. It was all very silly and vulgar; also unjust, as can be attested to by those who know the man who for a spectacular while had the novel and exciting experience of being Jennie's husband. He is a clever fellow, has made great progress since he cut adrift from the sedate, retiring Miss Yeamans, and has always been too much of a man to lie idle at the expense of any woman. Miss Yeamans should quit. She is far too clever to need this sort of cheap and maudlin material.

Have you, by the way, ever seen Miss Yeamans when she was real mad? Whew!

TOM SEABROOKE'S NEW WIFE.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke, who is a good comedian but a poor husband, is about to take another woman to wife. She has my sincere sympathy. Tom is an awfully good fellow, a clever man on the stage and a favorite with the public, but as a husband he appears to be impossible. Elvia Crox will tell you that; so will—but I forget. The other one I was about to mention had no legal right to demand that he be good. Miss Crox, in addition to having good cause for complaint, was an intensely jealous woman and managed to make life miserable for any girl in the

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company who happened to catch her husband's fancy—and there were many such. But now Thomas Q. is seriously in love—as seriously as any man of his wandering propensities and careless habits can be. He has made up his mind to marry the latest one of his choice, and is sincere in the belief that he is ready to settle down and be a nice boy. But even the *Herald* owls could tell him his mistake.

ON KAFFENBURGH'S TRACK.

Abie Kaffenburgh, who, besides being A. H. Hummel's nephew, is also an honorary member of the Soubrettes' Association for the Advancement of Literature and the Love of Lobsters, is in danger. I understand that the American Society for the Protection of English Sparrows and Stuffed Owls has sworn to take his life with neatness and dispatch at the first opportunity. Mr. Kaffenburgh, you may remember, is the doughty legal spokesman who, when restaurateur Rector was arrested for selling birds out of season, got a ruling to the effect that Mr. Rector could not be put away in cold storage if it was not proven that he himself brought the captive birds into the State out of season. And now the ornithologists, to whom a tail feather is sacred and a wishbone something to be worshiped, are after Mr. Kaffenburgh with dark lanterns and carefully-selected slungshots. In the meantime the young lawyer continues his broiled lobster career with that enthusiasm and fine attention to detail that make him one of the most conscientious all-nighters of the town.

THOSE FRANK SAVIN RUMORS.

I hear some strange and unpleasant rumors about Frank Savin, Jr., who comes of a very interesting and unconventional family. Are they true? I'll investigate and let you know later.

And while I think of it—that shapely and handsome woman with the French accent doesn't seem to have tired of his attentions. That's strange, for Frank doesn't wear well as a rule.

MARIE WAINWRIGHT'S HAPPY FAMILY.

Marie Wainwright and her young husband, Francklyn Roberts, make a queer pair. She is several years his senior, and in fact, when the two daughters are about he looks more like their brother than their stepfather. Mrs. Roberts seems to be perfectly happy, and as for the groom, he is as tickled as a school-boy with a new sled. Mrs. Wainwright, notwithstanding all her faults, is a splendid mother, and her two daughters, Mayhew and Gertrude Slaughter, idolize her. It is quite the happiest family I have run across in many a day.

A TYPICAL NEW YORKER.

One of New York's well-known lawyers who is a prominent figure at opening nights just now is Myron H. Oppenheim, who, as member of the firm of Oppenheim & Severance, is closely connected with theatricals as counsel for the Orpheum Circuit and a number of other amusement concerns. Oppenheim is a handsome fellow with interesting grayish wavy hair, the manners of a courtier, and the general appearance of a successful man. The trade-mark is written all over his clear eyes, his strong white teeth, his good clothes, and his way of doing and saying things. His horses are about as good as anything one sees on the Speedway. His handsome wife believes he is the real thing, so why shouldn't I?

WILL WEST, MATINEE HERO.

William West, who made an impression when he sang "In Dear Old London," with Matthews & Bulger, in "By The Sad Sea Waves," has hit the New York girls hard. West is an Englishman, who has been acting in this country for a number of years, but who did not become very well known until he made his success with Matthews & Bulger. In "The Rogers In Central Park" he has strengthened himself in the good graces of the matinee girl, and I am told there is big demand for his photographs along Broadway. There is, by the way, a Mrs. West, who is better known as Josie De Witt, the violiniste. But that's another story.

CRISSIE CARLISLE TO FORSAKE US.

I hear that Crissie Carlisle is married!

That exclamation point is expressive of a troubled mind and there is good reason for it. Crissie has for five or six years been one of the especially pleasing figures of Broadway. At the Casino she has been pleased to display her art and her legs with all the grace and abandon of a well-bred Casino girl. I have a keen and exact remembrance of one piece in which she wore black tights that were far more candid than anything I have ever seen outside a Turkish bath. Wherever the birds flew and the clams

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were cold, there was to be found Miss Carlisle, and there never was a late and hilarious supper between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth that was complete without this bouncing belle of bad Broadway. And now they tell me she is married and intends to leave us for ever and for aye!

! ! ! ! ! and still more of them.

PAUL DRESSER SHRINKS.

Paul Dresser, song writer by profession and inclination, has been living on apples and ice-water for some time. As a consequence he can put on his last year's frock coat in the usual way and button it in the back and still have room for a dress-suit case and a hat-rack.

Dresser, you should know, had been Broadway's champion heavyweight for a number of years. George Monroe was emaciated and the late "Fatty" Bates pale and sickly compared with him. The more songs he wrote the fatter he became. When he grew so big that the elevator boys in the hotels would not allow any one else to ride in the same car with him he made up his mind to do something. He began to diet. It was awfully hard work, but when clothes that were once too small for him began to look like Lew Dockstader's sartorial outfits he knew there was something doing. And it was all a case (or perhaps they come in barrels) of apples and ice-water.

Mr. Dresser's friends are a little worried. Growing thin has become a habit with him, and hourly he grows more like Dan Daly. But Paul says he doesn't care so long as the apples and ice-water hold out.

JIM WAKELEY ON BROADWAY.

It is said that James Wakeley, dispenser of cooling draughts at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, is anxious to become a Broadway Boniface, and has made an offer for a hotel, the lease of which has been on the market for some months. If he takes hold of the property this would virtually mean a rival to O'Rourke's Delavan House, as Wakeley would probably cater to the same class of trade. With Corbett, McCoy, O'Rourke, Wakeley, and perhaps Terry McGovern, within a few blocks of each other on Broadway, the old street is certainly taking on a boxing-glove aspect that is not dispelled even by the classic presence of the Metropolitan Opera House or Martin's restaurant.

DELMONICO AS A RIVAL TO SHANLEY.

Can it be true that Charley Delmonico contemplates making a bid for the more typically Broadway patronage than he now enjoys, by opening a place near Shanley's? This seems almost incredible, and yet a real-estate man who does not generally talk for the fun of hearing his own voice, informs me that Delmonico thinks there is money in catering more directly to the Broadway crowd that cannot be induced to travel over to Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street.

There's the story for what it's worth; and don't scoff at it too much.

CAMERON'S LITTLE JOKE.

William Cameron—I hear that Shanley isn't going to boil his lobsters any more.

Ezra Kendall—What's the matter? Has he boiled them enough already?

W. C.—No; he's afraid he'll be fired out of the Ancient Order of Hibernians for changing green into red.

BARKIS AND THE OTHER.

It is untrue that Russell Sage is to back Alexander Comstock in a new ride-out-walk-home combination.

Some people say that Aleck is willing but that Russell isn't.

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

IS THE GENTLEMAN RIGHT?

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 24, 1900.

Editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: On page 371 of the September BROADWAY MAGAZINE, you published an article stating that George W. Lederer had discovered a young Wisconsin girl who he thought would prove as great a success as Edna May or Maybelle Gilman. I choose Ella Snyder, of Milwaukee, as the lucky young lady. Am I not right?

J. B. RAMSBURGH.

Editor BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: Won't you please publish a picture or pictures of Miss Mildred Holland who recently became a star in "Aria, the Musician's Daughter." I saw her in Washington, and hope I shall obtain a picture of my favorite actress through your excellent magazine.

Yours truly,

JOHN LE ROY PAGE CLINTON.

A picture of Miss Holland appeared in our issue for March, 1900.

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"THE LADY OF THE STARS."

That's what she is called, and you can easily see why this is so. She is very fond of posing and is on the stage. She is a Mrs. A. H. Barendt, which you may or may not consider important. Taber, the California photographer who took this picture, modestly asserts that it is only an ordinary piece of artistic camera work. We disagree with him. It is out of the ordinary but none too good for BROADWAY MAGAZINE readers. Mrs. Barendt's face, by the way, has appeared more than once before the camera. In fact, it's not a backward face at all. Far from it.

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America's Matinee Heroes.*

No. 23. WILLIAM BRAMWELL, new leading man at Murray Hill Theatre, New York.
No. 24. WALTER E. HITCHCOCK, who will appear in "The Choir Invisible."

HERE are two matinée heroes not altogether familiar to New Yorkers.

William Bramwell has done very good work as John Van Buren in "The Charity Ball" (top picture) and as *John Oxon* in "A Lady of Quality" (lower picture). His personality is especially adapted to romantic work, and as a stage lover he should certainly make the East Side girls who frequent the Murray Hill fall in love with him. If he does this, his salary should be increased at least fifty per cent.

Walter E. Hitchcock.

Walter E. Hitchcock is a Boston society actor who has been engaged by the Liebler company, who have given him a prominent rôle in "The Choir Invisible." He is young and ambitious. He is also good-looking—and there is your matinée hero.

William Bramwell.

* This series of photographs was begun in Broadway Magazine in October, 1899, and has been continued each month since.

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RITA SHIRES,
pretty actressy, and photoed by Horton, Cleveland, O.

SPOT AND PINCHER.

THE STORY OF AN EAST-SIDE PIT-FIGHT.

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

MARTIN is the barkeeper of an East-Side hotel—not a good hotel at all—and flourishes as a sporting person of much emphasis. Martin, in passing, is at the head of the dog-fighting brotherhood. I often talk with Martin and love him very much.

Last week I visited Martin's bar. There was "nothin' doin'," to quote from Martin. We talked of fighting men, a subject near to Martin, he having fought three prize-fights himself. Martin boasted himself as still being "an even break wit' any rough-and-tumble scrapper in de bunch."

"Come here," said Martin, in course of converse; "come here; I'll show you a bute."

Martin opened a door to the room back of the bar. As we entered, a pink-white bull terrier, with black spots about the eyes, raced across to fawn on Martin. The terrier's black toe-nails, bright and hard as agate, made a vast clatter on the ash floor.

"This is Spot," said Martin. "Weighs thirty-three pounds, and he's a hully terror! I'm goin' to fight him to-night for five hundred dollars."

I stooped to express with a pat on his smooth white head my approbation of Spot.

"Pick him up and heft him," said Martin. "He won't nip you," he continued, as I hesitated; "bulls is d' most manful dogs there bees. Bulls won't bite nobody."

Thereupon I picked up Spot to "heft him." Spot smiled widely, wagged his stumpy tail, tried to lick my face, and felt like a bundle of live steel.

"Spot's goin' to fight McDermott's Pincher," said Martin. "And," addressing this to Spot, "you want to watch out, old boy! Pincher is as hard as a hod of brick. And you want to look out for your Trilbys; Pincher'll fight for your feet and legs. He's de limit, Spot, Pincher is! And you must 'tend to business when you're in d' pit wit' Pincher, or he'll do you. Then McDermott would win me money, an' you and me, Spot, would look like a couple of suckers."

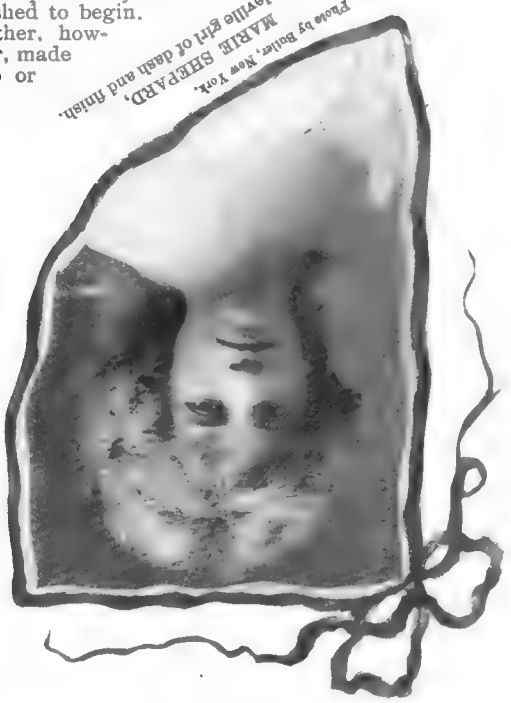
Spot listened with a pleased air, as if drinking in every word, and wagged his stump reassuringly. He would remember Pincher's genius for crunching feet and legs, and see to it fully in a general way that Pincher did not "do" him.

"Spot knows he's goin' to fight to-night as well as you and me," said Martin, as we returned to the bar. "Be d' way! don't you want to go?"

* * * * *

It was nine o'clock that evening. The pit, sixteen feet square, with board walls three feet high, was built in the center of an empty loft in Bleecker street. Directly over the pit was a bunch of electric lights. All about, raised six inches one above the other, were a dozen rows of board seats like a circus. These were crowded with perhaps two hundred sports. They sat close, and in the vague, smoky atmosphere, their faces, row on row, tier above tier, put me in mind of potatoes in a bin.

Pincher was a bull terrier, the counterpart of Spot, save for the markings about the face which gave Spot his name. Pincher seemed very sanguine and full of eager hope; and as he and Spot, held in the arms of their handlers, lolled at each other across the pit, it was plain they languished to begin. Neither, however, made yelp or cry



MARIE SHEPARD,
a vaudeville girl of dash and finish.
Photo by Bailey, New York.

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JESSIE BUSLEY
in "Hearts are Trumps."

or bark. Bull terriers of true worth on the battlefield were, I learned, a tacit, wordless brood, making no sound.

Martin "handled" Spot, and McDermott did kindly office for Pincher in the same behalf. Martin and McDermott "tasted" Spot and Pincher respectively; smelled and mouthed them for snuffs and poisons. Spot and Pincher submitted to these examinations in a gentlemanly way, but were glad when they ended.

At the word of the referee, Spot and Pincher were loosed, each in his corner. They went straight at each other's throats. They met in the exact centre of the pit like two milk-white thunderbolts, and the battle began.

Spot and Pincher moiled and toiled bloodily for forty-five minutes without halt or pause or space to breathe. Their handlers, who were confined to their corners by quarter circles drawn in chalk so as to hem them in, leaned forward toward the fray and breathed encouragement.

What struck me as wonderful, withal, was a lack of angry ferocity on the parts of Spot and Pincher. There was naught of growl, naught of rage-born cry or comment. They simply blazed with a zeal for blood; burned with a blind death-ardor.

When Spot and Pincher began, all was so flash-like in their motions, I could hardly tell what went on. They were in and out, down and up, over and under, writhing like two serpents. Now and then a pair of jaws clicked like castanets as they came together with a trap-like snap, missing their hold. Now and then one or the other would get a half-grip that would tear out. Then the blood flowed, painting both Spot and Pincher crimson.

As time went on my eyes began to follow better, and I noted some amazing matters. It was plain, for one thing, that both Spot and Pincher were as wise and expert as two boxers. They fought intelligently, and each had a system. As Martin had said, Pincher fought "under," in never-ending efforts to seize Spot's feet and legs. Spot was perfectly aware of this, and never failed to keep his fore legs well back and beneath him, out of Pincher's reach.

Both photos by Schloss, New York.
JESSIE BUSLEY AGAIN.

Spot, on his part, set his whole effort to the enterprise of getting Pincher by the throat. A dog without breath means a dead dog, and Spot knew this. Pincher appeared clear on the point, too; and would hold his chin close to his breast, and shrug his head and shoulders

Photo by Schloss, New York.
HATTIE WILLIAMS,
who will play a prominent rôle in one of the Hoyt revivals on the road.

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Photos by Chickering, Boston.
"AMORITA,"
a dancer of much energy and directness.

well together whenever Spot tried to work for a throat hold.

Now and then Spot and Pincher stood up to each other like wrestlers, and fenced with their muzzles for "holds" as might two Frenchmen with foils. In the wrestling Spot proved himself a perfect Whistler, and never failed to throw Pincher heavily. And, as I stated, from the beginning, the two warriors battled on without cry. Silent, sedulous, indomitable; both were the sublimation of courage and fell purpose. They were fighting to the death; they knew it, joyed in it, and gave themselves to their destiny without reserve. Each was eager only to kill, willing only to die. It was a lesson to men. And, as I looked, I realized that both were two of the happiest of created things. In the very heat of the encounter, with throbbing hearts and heaving sides, and rending fangs and flowing blood, they found a great content.

All at once Spot and Pincher stood motionless. Their eyes were like coals, and their respective stump tails stood stiffly, as indicating no abatement of heart or courage. What was it that brought the halt? Spot had set his long fangs through the side of Pincher's head in such fashion that Pincher couldn't reach him nor retaliate with his teeth. Pincher, discovering this, ceased to try, and stood there unconquered, resting and waiting developments. Spot, after the manner of his breed, kept his grip like Death. They stood silent, motionless, while the blood dripped from their gashes; a grim picture! They had fought, as I learned later, to what is known in the great sport of dog-fighting as "a turn."

"It's a turn!" decided the referee.

At this Martin and McDermott seized each his dog and parted them scientifically. Spot and Pincher were carried to their corners and refreshed and sponged with cold water. At the end of one minute the referee called:

"Time!"

At this point I further added to my learning touching the kingly pastime of dog-fighting. When two dogs have "fought to a turn," that is, locked themselves in a grip, not deadly to either if persisted in, and which still prevents further fighting—as in the case of Spot and Pincher—a responsibility rests with the call of "Time" on the dog that "turns." In this instance, Pincher. At the call of "Time" Spot would be held by his handler, standing in plain view of Pincher, but in his corner. It was incumbent on Pincher—as a proof of good faith—to cross the pit to get at him. If Pincher failed when released on call of "Time" to come straight across to

"AMORITA,"
still direct and energetic.

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DOROTHY TENNANT,
An American ingenue of daintiness. From photos by Schloss, New York.

Spot, and come at once; if he looked to right or left or hesitated for even the splinter of a second, he was a beaten dog. The battle was against him.

"Time!" called the referee.

Just prior to the call I heard Martin whisper huskily over his shoulder to a rough customer who sat just back of and above him at Spot's corner of the pit:

"Stand by wit' that glim now!" Martin muttered without turning his head.

At the call "Time!" McDermott released Pincher across in his corner. Pincher's eyes were riveted on Spot just over the way, and there's no doubt of Pincher's full purpose to close with him at once. There was no more of hesitation in his stout heart than in Spot's, who stood mouth open and fire-eyed, waiting.

But a strange interference occurred. At the word "Time!" the rough customer chronicled slipped the slide of a dark lantern and threw the small glare of it squarely in Pincher's eyes. It dazzled Pincher; he lost sight of Spot; forgot for a moment his great purpose. There stood poor Pincher, irresolute, not knowing where to find his enemy; thrall to the glare of the dark lantern.

"Spot win!" declared the referee.

At that moment the dark-lantern rough customer closed the slide and disappeared.

Few saw the trick or its effects. Certainly the referee was guiltless. But McDermott who had had the same view of the dark lantern Pincher had, and on whom for a moment it had a similar effect, raised a great clamor. But it was too late; Martin had claimed the thousand dollars from the stake-holder, and, with it in his pocket, was already in a carriage driving away, with Spot, wrapped up in a lap robe, occupying the front seat.

"Let McDermott holler!" said Martin, with much heat, when I mentioned the subject the next day. "Am I goin' to lose a fight and five hundred dollars, just because some bloke brings a dark lantern to d' pit and takes to monkeyin' wit' it? Not on your life!"

All in the air.

LOVE THEIR FELLOW MAN.

MRS. WAGGLES—Is it true that many of the savage tribes are very hospitable?

WAGGLES—Yes, my dear. The cannibals make it a rule to always have company for dinner.

IN MANY BATTLES.

SMITH—Gruet claims to have quite a war record.

JONES—Yes; he has been married three times.

POSED.

"How is it that Henpeck likes his wife's picture?"

"He says that's the only place she looks pleasant."

JESSIE MAE HALL MAKING BUBBLES,
An interesting, if not intellectual, occupation.
From photographs by Glasotype Company and arranged by Harry Fisher.

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TYPICAL BROADWAYITES;

OR, "WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL."

MAUDE RAYMOND.

MAUDE RAYMOND is the wife of Gus Rogers, of the Rogers Brothers. She is also the mother of little Leona Rogers, whose picture appeared in this department some time ago. Surely, this double honor is all that any woman could expect.

MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI.

Maude Lillian Berri is one of the prima donne at the Metropolitan Opera House. She is tall and has a nice voice.

Clarence Handysides will play the rôle of *General de Mendoza* in support of Viola Allen in "The Palace of the King." Mr. Handysides' acting is not, thank Heaven, as queer as his name.

CLARENCE HANDYSIDES.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

ROBERT HILLIARD.

Sol Smith Russell is still resting. Therefore the one-night stands mourneth and the cross-roads weepeth, for Mr. Sol Smith is one of America's stanchest favorites throughout the country. He will act again in 1901.

Robert Hilliard stars in Richard Harding Davis' "Van Bibber." He will stay out as long as the law allows. He fits the part. Mr. Davis has come over to assist at rehearsals. Poor Mr. Hilliard!

FRANCIS WILSON.

Copyright, 1900, by Aime Dupont.

COLONEL BROWN.

Francis Wilson's picture is interesting because it's his latest. He has a new opera. That's good.

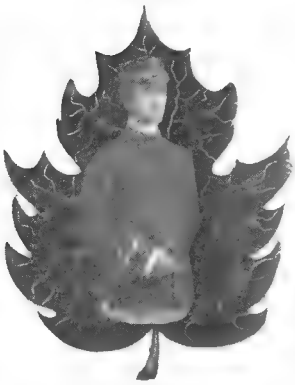
Col. Brown is one of New York's best-known newspaper men. He was manager of the *Daily News* for many years, but the late proprietor's wife thinks she can run it alone. Col. Brown is wondering.

Morgan Robertson is America's most prominent writer of sea stories. He knows all about jib-sheets, spinnakers and things. He's a coming man.

Hans Roberts is a young actor who has been engaged for Joseph Arthur's "Lost River." He has been appearing in "Why Smith Left Home." He can act.

HOFFMAN AULIC.

MORGAN ROBERTSON.



HANS ROBERTS.

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MANAGING A CHORUS.

JOHN CRAMPTHORNE was rather elderly by the time he had made his money, and he regretted that close attention to business had previously prevented him from seeing life, as young men see it. He had been eminently respectable, and when he was fifty-three years of age, he wanted to learn what sin is like when one meets it face to face, as it were.

To this end a friend advised him to put a few thousand dollars into a touring comic opera company, and to travel with it for a while; and Mr. Crampthorne soon found a small theatrical manager willing to accept him as a sleeping partner.

"Fine-looking lot of girls you have, Mr. Silver," he said to the manager when the first rehearsal was over.

"Very fine lot—they'll fill the orchestra anywhere. A good-looking chorus is half the battle in a comic opera."

"Splendid-looking girl—that one in a gray dress—the one with dark hair," said Crampthorne.

"Very nice girl," said Silver.

"Think she'd let me stand her a supper?" asked the man of money.

"Well," hesitated the manager, "of course, it's against the rules, and our ladies are very particular."

"Still, I've heard that some chorus girls are not exactly prudes," said Crampthorne.

"Perhaps not in some companies. A manager I was once with used to be a great favorite with the chorus ladies. He used to promise a girl he was gone on, the principal part in his next opera. Of course that made him very popular, until it became known that he never meant it. Still, the tale lasted for years."

"Exactly," said Crampthorne thoughtfully.

The tour was an artistic success, and it cost Mr. Crampthorne only about five thousand dollars, and at the end it was announced that the piece would go out again in a few weeks.

Then there came to Mr. Silver, one by one, every chorus lady in the company, and each one told him the same tale:

"Mr. Silver, Mr. Crampthorne says I'm to have the lead next time."

Then Mr. Silver knew that the financial partner had begun to see life.

Photos by Chickering, Thors, Sarony and Hayes.

1. Ethel Woodson. 2. Florence Marks. 3. May Hooper. 4. Edith Crane. 5. Josie Hall. 6. Nellie Lynch. 7. Marr Sisters. 8. Gertrude Sayre.

THEY'RE ALL STUCK ON HER FIGURE.

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RAPID WORK.

"That was a short time in which to prepare for a duel," said Alphonso.

"I hadn't heard."

"Why, each man was allowed only two seconds."

MALIGNED.

"They say Russell Sage is misunderstood. One has no idea of the money he gives away."

"Really?"

"Really. It mounts up into the dollars."

NO EXCUSE FOR A JUROR.

After the usual wrangling, which always tries a judge's patience, the jury was secured and sworn. The judge settled back in his chair, thinking that the case was fairly started, when up jumped a little German, who was sitting at one end of the jury-box.

"Shudge?" he exclaimed.

"Well, what is it?" asked the judge shortly.

"Shudge, I t'ink I like to go home."

"You can't go. Sit down."

"Shudge, I doand t'ink I make a goot shuror."

"Sit down."

"Well, shudge," and the little fellow was getting desperate, "I doand speak goot English."

"You'll not have to speak at all."

"And I can't make nodings oudt of vot dose fellers"—indicating the lawyers—"are talking aboudt."

"That's no excuse. Neither can anyone else. Sit down."

A PECULIARITY OF YOUNG AMERICA.

"Has your boy any particular bent?"

"Yes, it is mostly in the direction of bicycling."

A TESTIMONIAL.

DEAR DOCTOR—For some time I was terribly troubled with sleeplessness, but, having your wonderful remedy for insomnia recommended to me, I purchased one bottle and gave it to the cats in my immediate neighborhood. Since then I have slept like a top. Yours, gratefully,

JOHN SNORESMITH.

WELL BALANCED.

VON BLUMER—Yes, sir, for years and years I have never missed a Wednesday evening prayer meeting.

WITHERBY—Have you gained anything by it?

VON BLUMER—Well, I have come out about even.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

IKE—I reckon I'll have to lay for Doctor Slade; he's been makin' threats against me.

JIM—What sorter threats?

IKE—Why, he says he'll shoot a hole plumb through the next d——d scoundrel he ketches foolin' around his sister, the pretty grass-widder.

OVERDOING IT.

An old lady who is a member of several societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, was tormented by a fly which insisted on perching on her nose. At last she called her footman:

"John, catch the little creature as gently as you can, and put it out of the window," said she.

The servant, who knew her weakness, caught the fly, and carried it tenderly to the window.

"Ah, madame," pleaded he, "it is beginning to rain; shouldn't I give the little creature an umbrella?"

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CLARE ARMSTRONG,
a pretty girl who acts for a living and because she likes it.
Photo by Buell, Washington, D. C.

Go gle

POLLY CHASE.
See article "Artist's Models of America."
Photo by Chickering, Boston.

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SOME LIGHTER FANCIES.

THOUGHTS BY A THINKER.

BECAUSE one of your parents may have been associated with laundrying is no bones—goodness knows, the "400" have washed out a lot of family linen before this—I don't care, I've been good to mother; so your flings are supererogated—I didn't go to night-school for nit.

No one should speak slightingly of the crackers and cheese diet. I changed that on the advice of my physician—who warned me against obesity and indigestion—plain, simple food like Rector's and Shanley's is adapted to some constitutions—others prefer the Waldorf menu. There are lots of people putting on lugs, who use worse French than we do.

Don't sneer at our voices—I won't stand for that. Folks used to tell me what a lovely voice I had—and they were all friends of mine. I may not be Sembrich, Phyllis Rankin or Lottie Gilson; but, I can sing all the same, if I don't speak *I*-talian.

It's not the mere matter of money that draws us chorus girls to the stage — it's art and ambition.

We just dote on art. Because we prefer reading "Sapho" to Ibsen plays, you should be gentlemanly and not notice it; we must be up-to-date or die.

That's about all for that—but you can't tell the disposition of a goat—he is liable to eat up any kind of a rope you tie him with. I must back to me bath.

MAUDIE MUGGINS.

HE—Good show, eh?
SHE—Not very. I haven't blushed once.

A STOLEN KISS

"Jones' wife left him because he stole a kiss."
"She must be particular."
"She is. He stole it from the cook."

ONE VIEW.

"Papa, what is patriotism?"

"The ability to let your family starve, my son, for the sake of your party."

One often hears of the tares which spring up from the sowing of wild oats.

READY TACT

Helen was taken to Sunday-school one morning by her older sister.

"Dear, who was the first man?" asked the teacher during the course of the lesson.

Helen, not knowing, but with ready tact, replied, "Mother told me not to talk in church."

"Don't you think Miss Russell is still pretty?"
"Yes; that's the only time she is pretty. She can't dance for a cent."

DEVOID.

WIFE—I wish I knew what to get you for a birthday present.

HUSBAND—Why not get me something useful?

WIFE—That's like you. You have no sentiment left.

Pepper is not a patent medicine, but it's always shaken before taken.

Find the man who has stepped on a tack.

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NOT HOPEFUL.

"The Lord may call you to that wealthy church in the city, my dear," said the minister's wife.

"He may," replied the minister; "but I very much fear that the congregation won't."

THE AUTHORITY.

DAUGHTER — Why won't you give your consent, papa? Everybody speaks well of Henry.

FATHER—Not everybody, my dear. Bradstreet doesn't.

GIVEN AWAY.

The bride, she looked happy and gay;
Her bridegroom he looked terribly cute;
Her rich old papa, he gave her away
(And threw in a million to boot).

"They have been married five years and have no children."
"I had no idea they had social aspirations."

CAUTIOUS.

HE—Does the cook know we are to have anyone to dinner?

SHE—No, dear, I haven't told her yet.

HE—Then conceal it from her as long as you can. We want to make as good an impression as possible on our guests.

"Madame, your husband wants to know if you're ready for dinner."
"If he is sober say I will be ready in five minutes. If he isn't, ask him what he has brought me for a present."

THE NAUGHTY BOY AND THE PIE.

(A FABLE.)

There was once a Naughty Boy named Adelbert who was Addicted to Pie to such an Extent that His Parents were Obliged to Keep the Pastry in a Safe. One Day with the Aid of His Little Playmate, Chumpiana, he Discovered the Combination and Stole a Delicious Plum Pie. He then Greedily Ate It without ever Offering a Crumb to Little Chumpiana, who was Something of a Pie Fancier herself, but was Too Well Mannered a Child to suggest that the Pleasure of Observing Adelbert Consume Pie was a Negative One. He was Just Finishing the Last Morsel when He Swallowed a Plum Pit which Lodged in His Appendix with the Usual Fatal Result. Chumpiana, on the Contrary, Grew to Be a Lovely Girl and in Time Completely Conquered Her Former Fatal Fondness for Pie.

MORAL:

It is Extremely Impolite to Help Oneself To Pie Without Passing it Around, and Stolen Fruit is Sweeter as well as Safer if it is Equally Divided.

"What did you think of my reception in the first act?"
"Was that a reception? From the noise I thought it was a chowder party."

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THE LEADER —— RICHARD CROKER —— THE MAN.

BY GEORGE A. SHERIN.

I NEVER knew until recently why Richard Croker was accepted as a leader in New York City, where a man requires something besides assurance to obtain a tight hand on the reins. I was sitting on the piazza of the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga. All around me were men well known in the political, commercial, and financial life of New York. There approached from the hotel office a notable group of men. There were six of them, and at least three might easily have laid claim to a fame that had spread beyond the confines of New York State. Not a man was self-assertive. Not one endeavored to attract attention or to foist himself on the hundred odd loungers on the porch. And yet there was one who, by the very strength of his presence, rather than by the fact of his being known to all, was immediately accepted as the most virile, moving and magnetic force.

The figure was sturdy, well-groomed, but not mödish in the sense of being fashionable. The shoulders were broad, and seemed to betoken a man fond of outdoor exercise and sensible living.

The short, well-trimmed beard barely concealed a chin that certainly has had much to do with the force, decision, dogged perseverance, and unflagging energy that have characterized the career of Richard Croker.

And now for the keynote to Mr. Croker's sway of men. I had a mission to perform for BROADWAY MAGAZINE readers. I wanted to discover the points, good, bad, and indifferent, of this remarkable man. I carried no letter of introduction. I told him frankly of my mission. He listened. That is point number one—his approachability. He is democratic to a degree. But I warn you not to waste his time. He measures you with a glance from those keen eyes. He has your calibre in a twinkling. I advise you not to try to fool him.

Then he told me various things, about himself and his sons and his friends, simply, almost as a boy would have told me, but all the while with an evident reluctance to be loquacious and an equally obvious wish not to be taciturn. He always spoke as if he really meant what he said.

That is point number two—his sincerity. It was evident in every word he said, every thought he expressed. He did not talk for effect. When there was nothing to say, he said nothing. I have heard that Mr. Croker never lies, and that those who know him best will take his nod as readily as the affidavits of most men. After talking with him for five minutes one can hardly fail to be impressed by his rugged simplicity and straightforwardness. It is a part of the man.

A youngish, well-dressed man came up to Mr. Croker and asked him about his injured knee. The leader answered pleasantly that it was all right, and thanked the questioner for his solicitude. This was followed by an attempt on the part of the youngish man to become flippant and take advantage of Mr. Croker's good-humor. He made one particularly silly remark about the Hill quarrel. Mr. Croker looked him straight in the eye, and deliberately turned his back on him. That youngish man will never try to be smart again with Mr. Croker as long as he lives. It doesn't pay.

Then came a trio of politicians—men who are known as factors in the local New York Democratic party. Mr. Croker listened attentively to what they had to say, then gave a few instructions in an easy, business-like tone. They went away with a full understanding of what was expected of them—not as men who wore collars and did another's bidding under protest, but as associates who were willing to be directed by a master mind.

This is point number three—his command of men.

Take those three points:

1. Approachability,
2. Sincerity,
3. Power to command,

and you can readily understand why Mr. Croker is America's greatest political leader of the day.

I asked Mr. Croker about his dogs. He was pleased and showed it; they are his hobby. He encourages the love of dogs and outdoor life in his three sons, who are as clean-cut and virile specimens of young American manhood as one could find.

Mr. Croker told me that he believed in

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THIS SHOWS MR. CROKER EXACTLY AS HE LOOKS TO-DAY.
From his latest portrait by Rockwood, New York.

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young men. He is interested in them—in their work, their ambitions, their hopes and their careers. He has brought forward many young men in politics—Corporation Counsel John Whalen, Congressman William Astor Chanler, Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Jr., and many others. In this respect he is not unlike that other leader, Senator Thomas C. Platt, with this great difference—where Mr. Platt pats the young man on the back and tells him to be a good boy and vote the Republican ticket, Mr. Croker takes him by the hand, encourages him, asks his opinion on burning questions, and often points out a tangible, sure and sensible means of bettering his condition. He is not an oracle; he is an evangelist—and your young man likes it.

I had believed that Mr. Croker was a painfully illiterate man. I had believed the *Sun* and the *Tribune*, when they had contrived to print a particularly bright piece of fiction. Mr. Croker is not illiterate; make no mistake about that. Although a typical New York boy, a picturesque figure in the rougher days of the great city's wonderful growth, he has evidently been in a receptive mood. He has associated with the uncouth and the elegant, and has been able to strike a happy medium.

I noticed that his sentences were terse, expressive and well chosen. He always seemed to say just enough and no more. It is characteristic of him. His voice was well modulated, with vigor and sometimes just a touch of the strident—but never coarse or raucous. His is the voice of the man who thinks before he speaks.

And there you have some idea of the man who plays such an important part in American politics. It shows his personality and gives some idea of what constitutes his qualifications as a leader.

But above all things do not forget, in these days of daily attacks on political leaders and the insidious undermining of men's characters, that Richard Croker, one of the most discussed men in America, owes his power over men to the one simple quality of direct sincerity, over and above all things, first, last and all the time.

SUZANNE SANTJE.
By Sarony.

SO SUZANNE SANTJE SAYS.

MISS Suzanne Santje, of Mr. Richard Mansfield's company, was born in Philadelphia and was educated in Germany and France. In the dramatic class of the Paris Institute she won the only gold medal of honor ever awarded by that famous school to a foreigner. Returning to America she made her professional début in the rôle of the demented Tennessee mountain girl, *Clyde Harrod*, in "A Romance of Coon Hollow," achieving a notable success by her powerful portrayal. After playing an engagement with a stock company in her native city she joined the late Augustin Daly's forces and remained there until Mr. Daly's death. Last season she became a member of Mr. Mansfield's company and she has been re-engaged by this actor for his revival of "King Henry V."

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WHICH WAS THE MURDERER?*

A THRILLING STORY OF A SMOKING PISTOL.

By Robert Barr.

MRS. JOHN FORDER had no premonition of evil. When she heard the hall clock strike nine she was blithely singing about the house as she attended to her morning duties, and she little imagined that she was entering the darkest hour of her life, and that before the clock struck again overwhelming disaster would have fallen upon her. Her young husband was working in the garden, as was his habit each morning before going to his office. She expected him in every moment to make ready for his departure down town. She heard the click of the front gate, and a moment later some angry words. Alarmed, she was about to look through the parted curtains of the bay-window in front when the sharp crack of a revolver rang out, and she hastened to the door with a vague sinking fear at her heart. As she flung open the door she saw two things—first, her husband lying face downwards on the grass motionless, his right arm doubled under him; second, a man trying frantically to undo the fastening of the front gate, with a smoking pistol still in his hand.

Human lives often hang on trivialities. The murderer in his anxiety to be undisturbed had closed the front gate tightly. The wall was so high as to shut out observation from the street, but the height that made it difficult for an outsider to see over it also rendered escape impossible. If the man had left the gate open he might have got away unnoticed, but, as it was, Mrs. Forder's screams aroused the neighborhood, and before the murderer succeeded in undoing the fastening a crowd had collected with a policeman in its center, and escape was out of the question. Only one shot had been fired, but at such close quarters that the bullet went through the body. John Forder was not dead, but lay on the grass insensible. He was carried into the house and the family physician summoned. The doctor sent for a specialist to assist him, and the two men consulted together. To the distracted woman they were able to give small comfort. The case at best was a doubtful one. There was some hope of ultimate recovery, but very little.

Meanwhile the murderer lay in custody, his own fate depending much on the fate of his victim. If Forder died, bail would be refused; if he showed signs of recovering, his assailant had a chance for, at least, temporary liberty. No one in the city, unless it were the wife herself, was more anxious for Forder's recovery than the man who had shot him.

The crime had its origin in a miserable political quarrel—a mere wrangle about offices. Walter Radnor, the assassin, had "claims" upon an office, and, rightly or wrongly, he attributed his defeat to the secret machinations of John Forder. He doubtless did not intend to murder his enemy that morning when he left home, but heated words had speedily followed the meeting, and the revolver was handy in his hip pocket.

Radnor had a strong political backing, and, even after he stretched his victim on the grass, he had not expected to be so completely deserted when the news spread through the city. Life was not then so well protected as it has since become, and many a man who walked the streets free had, before that time, shot his victim. But in this case the code of assassination had been violated. Radnor had shot down an unarmed man in his own front garden and almost in sight of his wife. He gave his victim no chance. If Forder had even an unloaded revolver in any of his pockets, things would not have looked so black for Radnor, because his friends could have held

SYLVIA LYNDEN,
who comes to New York to show us how to act after winning success on the road.

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Photo by Chickering, Boston.
This is not a photograph of an inmate of Bloomingdale Asylum. It is Miss Minnie Warren, a clever young woman of the stage, who thinks this will startle her friends. We agree with her.

that he had fired in self-defence, as they would doubtless claim that the dying man had been the first to show a weapon. So Radnor, in the city prison, found that even the papers of his own political party were against him, and that the town was horrified at what it considered a cold-blooded crime.

As time went on Radnor and his few friends began once more to hope. Forder still lingered between life and death. That he would ultimately die from his wound was regarded as certain, but the law required that a man should die within a stated time after the assault had been committed upon him, otherwise the assailant could not be tried for murder. The limit provided by the law was almost reached and Forder still lived. Time also worked in Radnor's favor in another direction. The sharp indignation that had followed the crime had become dulled. Other startling events occured which usurped the place held by the Forder tragedy, and Radnor's friends received more and more encouragement.

Mrs. Forder nursed her husband assiduously, hoping against hope. They had been married less than a year, and their love for each other had increased as time went on. Her devotion to her husband had now become almost fanatical, and the physicians were afraid to tell her how utterly hopeless the case was, fearing that if the truth became known to her, she would break down both mentally and physically. Her hatred of the man who had wrought this misery was so deep and intense that once when she spoke of him to her brother, who was a leading lawyer in the place, he saw, with grave apprehension, the light of insanity in her eyes. Fearful for a breakdown in health, the physicians insisted that she should walk for a certain time each day, and, as she refused to go outside of the gate, she took her lonely promenade up and down a long path in the deserted garden. One day she heard a conversation on the other side of the wall that startled her.

"That is the house," said a voice, "where Forder lives, who was shot by Walter Radnor. The murder took place just behind this wall."

"Did it really?" queried a second voice. "I suppose Radnor is rather an anxious man this week."

"Oh," said the first, "he has doubtless been anxious enough all along."

"True. But still, if Forder lives the week out, Radnor will escape the gallows. If Forder were to die this week it would be rather rough on his murderer, for his case would come up before Judge Brent, who is known all over the State as a hanging Judge. He has no patience with crimes growing out of politics, and he is certain to charge dead against Radnor, and carry the jury with him. I tell you that the man in jail will be the most joyous person in this city on Sunday morning if Forder is still alive, and I understand his friends have bail ready, and that he will be out of jail first thing Monday morning."

The two unseen persons, having now satisfied their curiosity by their scrutiny of the house, passed on and left Mrs. Forder standing looking into space, with her nervous hands clasped tightly together.

Coming to herself she walked quickly to the house and sent a messenger for her brother. He found her pacing up and down the room.

"How is John to-day?" he said.

"Still the same, still the same," was the answer. "It seems to me he is getting

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weaker and weaker. He does not recognize me any more."

"What do the doctors say?"

"Oh, how can I tell you? I don't suppose they speak the truth to me, but when they come again I shall insist upon knowing just what they think. But tell me this: is it true that if John lives through the week his murderer will escape?"

"How do you mean, escape?"

"Is it the law of the State that if my husband lives till the end of this week the man who shot him will not be tried for murder?"

"He will not be tried for murder," said the lawyer, "but he may not be tried for murder even if John were to die now. His friends will doubtless try to make it out a case of manslaughter as it is; or perhaps they will try to get him off on the ground of self-defence. Still, I don't think they would have much of a chance, especially as his case would come up before Judge Brent; but if John lives past twelve o'clock on Saturday night, it is the law of the State that Radnor cannot be tried for murder. Then, at most, he will get a term of years in a State prison, but that will not bother him to any great extent. He has a strong political backing, and if his party wins the next State election, which seems likely, the Governor will doubtless pardon him before the year is over."

"Is it possible," cried the wife, "that such an enormous miscarriage of justice can take place in a State that pretends to be civilized?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "I don't bank much on our civilization," he said. "Such things occur every year, and many times a year."

The wife walked up and down the room, while the brother tried to calm and soothe her.

"It is terrible—it is awful," she cried, "that such a dastardly crime may go unavenged!"

"My dear sister," said the lawyer, "do not let your mind dwell so much on vengeance. Remember that whatever happens to the villain who caused all this misery, it can neither help nor injure your husband."

"Revenge!" cried the woman, suddenly turning upon her brother. "I swear before God that if that man escapes, I will kill him with my own hand!"

The lawyer was too wise to say anything to his sister in her present frame of mind, and after doing what he could to comfort her he departed.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Forder confronted the physicians.

"I want to know," she said, "and I want to know definitely, whether there is the slightest chance of my husband's recovery or not. This suspense is slowly killing me, and I must know the truth, and I must know it now."

The physicians looked one at the other. "I think," said the elder, "that it is useless to keep you longer in suspense. There is not the slightest hope of your husband's

HENRIETTA RICH,
of the Bowdoin Square Stock Company, Boston.
Photo by Chickering, Boston, who no doubt can tell you just why there is an urn in the case.

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Photo by Dinturff, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE GIRL WITH THE QUAKERISH FACE.

She isn't a Quaker, however. She is an actor-lady; name, Jane Holly; age, none of our business; pretty and said to be clever.

recovery. He may live for a week or for a month perhaps, or he may die at any moment."

"I thank you, gentlemen," said Mrs. Forder, with a calmness that astonished the two men, who knew the state of excitement she had labored under for a long time past. "I thank you. I think it is better that I should know."

All the afternoon she sat by the bedside of her insensible and scarcely breathing husband. His face was wasted to a shadow from his long contest with death. The nurse begged permission to leave the room

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CONNIE POWELL,
who loves to disport herself in the merry-merry and who, between times, poses thusly at Chickering's and other headquarters for smiles and cameras.

for a few minutes, and the wife, who had been waiting for this, silently assented. When the woman had gone, Mrs. Forder, with tears streaming from her eyes, kissed her husband.

"John," she whispered, "you know and you will understand." She pressed his face to her bosom, and when his head fell back on the pillow her husband was smothered.

Mrs. Forder called for the nurse and sent for the doctors, but that which had happened was only what they all had expected.

* * * * * * * * *

To a man in the city jail the news of Forder's death brought a wild thrill of fear. The terrible and deadly charge of Judge Brent against the murderer doomed the victim, as every listener in the courthouse realized as soon as it was finished. The jury were absent but ten minutes, and the hanging of Walter Radnor did more perhaps than anything that ever happened in the State to make life within that commonwealth more secure than it had been before.

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By The Red Soubrette.

SA-AY, I have known rolls of them. There was, and is, Nina Farrington. Nina is a knowing little girl. She began to go out all by herself when she was very small, and since then she hasn't bothered much about chaperons. Nina first came into view when she loomed up before a dazed New York at the Casino in the Aronson days. Since then she has loomed up quite prominently in society, being received with open arms by the Weber, Leiter and other prominent American families.

Crissie Carlisle is another true Bohemian. (By this I suppose I mean that she isn't like other girls) Crissie also first saw the light of Broadway at the Casino. Oh, those were the days of gladsome joy and much lingerie. Crissie was seventeen and thin. Now she is plump and—well, not old, but still more than seventeen. It is said of Crissie that she is the best little judge of wine in her exclusive circle. She's pretty and jolly. That's more than some of 'em are.

Bettina Gerard is—just plain Betty. What a game she has played! Compared with the pace she has gone, Ethelbert moves with his hands tied behind him. Betty has had many escapades, much trouble, and plenty of husbands. Therefore, she must be a Queen of Bohemia, according to the standard of the Willie-boy.

Trixie Friganza is known as "the perennial chorus-girl." Although still barely nine years of age, she appeared first in Noah's continuous extravaganza, "Oh, But It's Wet," which ran for forty days and forty nights. Three years later she became a member of Rice's company and won the championship in the Broiled Lobster Contest held at the opening of Shanley's. Since then she has acted some more, gone to London, played parts, but has always remained one of the best and liveliest chorus-girls in the profession.

Irene Perry married Al Weber, and, by force of circumstances, became a Bohemian. Al sold pianos between 11 and 11.10 every day, and then went up to the Casino and wooed Miss Perry at rehearsals and during the regular performance. When they were married he still wooed—but not Irene. She made him a bully wife. Then she got a divorce from him. While of Broadway, she has been a nice little woman in every way and a leader in her set. You think this is a queer description for a Queen, eh? Perhaps it is, but it's all true.

Sa-ay—words run short when I come to May Yohe. She was a screamer in the old days. She was lovely. I wish I could tell some of the stories I know about her, but—I won't. May used to be the chief ornament at all the affairs of the Street (our Street) before she went to London and captured poor little Lord Francis Hope. She never got tired except about the eyes, and I still recollect a certain little poker game in which she sat and which lasted from eleven o'clock Saturday night until one o'clock Monday morning. That was May's style.

Ada Dare—you know her. She was Mrs. Tom Dare; then Mrs. Roux; then Mrs. Frank Ehret; then—but it's too early to go any further. Pretty, blonde, stunning, and Broadwayish. That's Ada's measure.

Vernona Jarbeau—another shapely one, but dark, languorous and made for tights. Her imitations of Theo are

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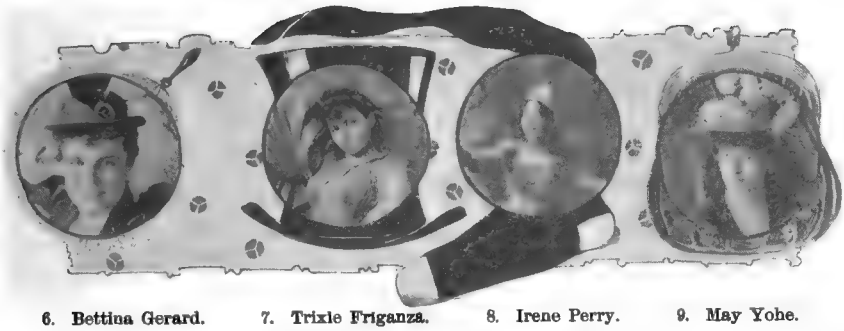

6. Bettina Gerard. 7. Trixie Friganza. 8. Irene Perry. 9. May Yohe.

stage traditions; her husband, one Bernstein, has been forgotten; her little suppers are still spoken of with bated breath. Vernona has starred—but doesn't have to travel any more.

Sylvia Gerrish — one of the shapeliest beauties that ever tore the hearts of Casino audiences. You remember her—light-haired, trim, when we first knew her, and with plenty of dash and an eye that took in all the boxes at once. One day she went to Europe. Later she returned and is now known as Mrs. Hilton. As a Queen of Bohemia she is now a memory—but such a memory.

Sa-ay, I know some others; but they'll keep.

THE RED SOUBRETTE.

READY TO TALK.

Eddie Rascover—It will be a good thing for us reporters when women run for office.

Will Sell—Why so?

E. R.—There won't be so many candidates who decline to be interviewed.

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT.

HE—What would you do if I were to throw you over?

SHE—I say, you must not talk like that; see what a lot of people there are about.

A clock out of order is the only thing that can face unmoved the ravages of time.

Photo by Chickering, Boston, Mass.

NOT A QUEEN OF BOHEMIA,
but Amelia Bingham and that remarkable hat.

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FEW people outside the theatrical business are aware of the important part the professional wig-maker assumes in the various large productions of the year. In the first place, the wig is an

Alice Nielsen with her own hair. Miss Nielsen in a boy's wig in "The Singing Girl."

absolute essential of the modern drama, as indeed it has been of the drama ever since the first wig was made from the hair of a mountain goat in the far East. Wigs are as much a part of the general scheme of a production as the costumes or the properties.

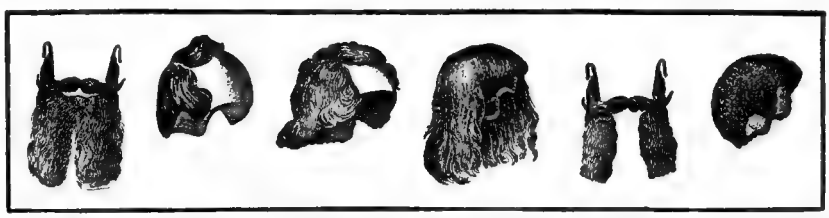
I will not go into the details of wig-making, as this would necessitate a wealth of technicalities that would be misleading without being entertaining. There are other points about wig-making, however, that are interesting. For instance, do you know that there are nearly seven hundred distinct kinds of wigs? There are. A few of the best known and most used will be found in the following list:

GENTLEMEN.

Assyrian; Abbé, Monte Cristo; American Indian; Adonis (statue); Bunthorne; Bald; Brown George; Barrister; Box; Burlesque; Cox; Charles II.; Crop, any color; Claude Melnotte; Court; Court, with parting; Chinese; Chevalier (in "Two Orphans"); Clown, any color; Clown, scalp; Character; Curly, short; Dress; Dundreary; Don Cæsar de Bazan; Dude; Dutch Character; East Indian; Eccentric Character; Eccles; English Swell; Egyptian; Faust; Franklin; French Crop; Flowing; Father Time, and beard; Fright (mechanical); Frederick the Great; Fagin; Grecian; Gladiator; George III.; Hermit, and beard; Henry V.; Hamlet; High Priest, and beard; Irving; Irish Character; Ingo-

Stuart Robson minus wig. Mr. Robson's long hair in "The Gadfly."

mar; Japanese; James II.; Judge; Jew Character; Jew, dress; King Lear, and beard; Lafayette; Louis XI.; Louis XVI.; Louis XIV.; Lord Chancellor; Middlewick; Monk; Molière; Master



A regular full beard. A Dutch character wig. A professor's wig. Regular bang wig. Side whiskers. A short crop wig.

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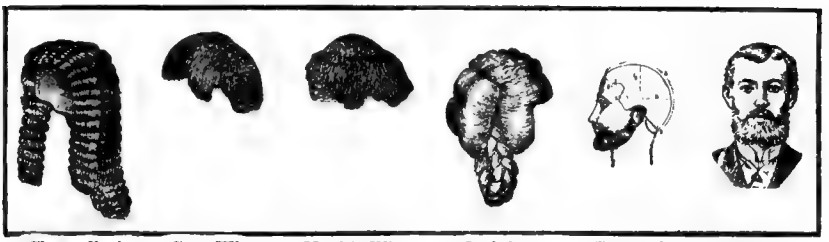


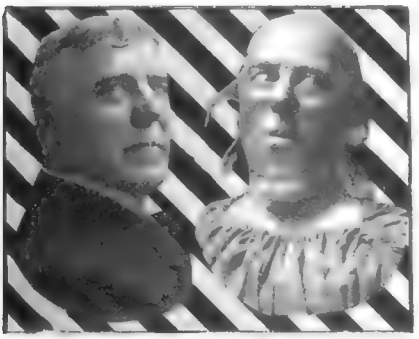
Chancellor's Wig. Crop Wig. Monk's Wig. Lady's Wig. Form of Measurement. Toupee Wig.

Walter; Mephistopheles; Modern; Micawber; Mexican; Mede.

This, mind you, is only a very small portion of the entire list. Equally long and impressive is the list for

LADIES.

Æsthetic; Artemisia ("Merry War"); Auburn, curly; Bang, blonde; Boy's;



Louis James. Louis James as *Bottom.*

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Blonde, long; Blonde, curly; Brown; Burlesque; Court; Character, eccentric; Catherine II.; Elizabeth, Queen; Frou Frou; Fairy Queen; Front Pieces; Galatea; Gretchen; Grand Duchess; Grecian; Gray, with frizzes; Gray, with frizzes, parting; Irish servant; Juliet; Julia; Joan of Arc; Leah; Lady Teazle; Marie Antoinette; Marguerite; Martha Washington; Marie Louisa; Old Maid; Ophelia; Old Woman, eccentric; Pompadour; Parthenia; Queen Anne; Red, short curly; Red, long; Roman; Topsy; Wench; Witch.

You can easily see, therefore, that a wig-maker has many details to master ere he can become a leader of his craft.

When a manager is about to put on a production he sends for the wig-maker and tells him that there are to be, say, a chorus of sixty shepherdesses, twenty Brittany maids, and, as the scene shifts in the last act, forty Rhine maidens, with a sprinkling of grand duchesses and other high ladies. The wig-maker has to consider nationality and period in doing his work, and an error in any direction is fatal to his success. The principals generally attend to their own cranial needs and, of course, require more care and worry than the chorus.

Women are especially captious in regard to the shade of their wigs, as a shade that would suit one woman's complexion would work sad havoc with another's. And when I tell you that there are twenty-eight recognized shades of hair you will be surprised. Here they are: White, yellow white, silver gray, steel gray, iron gray, reddish gray, blonde gray, flaxen, baby blonde, light blonde, medium blonde, golden blonde, reddish blonde, dark blonde, drab (light), drab (dark), light brown, medium brown, dark brown, chestnut brown, reddish brown, light auburn, dark auburn, light red, bright red, medium red, dark red, black.

It is generally believed that theatrical wigs are worn only in comic opera, bur-

John T. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan in "Mlle. Fifi."

lesque, or in character parts. This is correct in the main, but there are any number of players who wear wigs because they consider their own hair insufficient or unattractive. Many a woman about whom no doubt you have said,

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A Marceau photo of Helen Singer, showing a Hepner wig of the finest make and most elaborate character.

"What beautiful hair she has—and it's her own, too," wears wigs or false hair made up especially for stage use. Then, too, there are leading men who wear toupees because bald or partially bald heads would spoil the effect of stirring, romantic, or tender love passages. There are many such men on the stage, but professional courtesy, to say nothing of business, prevents my mentioning their names.

I come from a family of wig-makers, and I know the traditions of the craft. These teach me that wigs and wig-making during the past fifteen or twenty years have kept pace with the stage in

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Jerome Sykes with his own hair.

Mr. Sykes with Hepner's hair.

other directions. Even so recently as the days of McCullagh and Booth, the wigs were not so carefully made, so consistent in make or so finely textured as they are at the present time. The public demands nowadays that there shall be no tawdry cheapness or slap-dash incompleteness about stage productions, and this same applies as much to wigs as to any other branch of the general scheme of production. Amateurs, too, who formerly paid little or no attention to the ethics of proper head-adornment, have followed their professional brethren in the matter of captiousness. The wig-maker who nowadays attends to the wants of the various dramatic societies finds that he cannot palm off anything that would not pass muster in the profession. For people learn, and as they learn become more particular.

From all of which it will be seen that wigs and wig-making are closely allied to dramatic art—not as mere details, but as concomitant parts of it—and that there is a vast difference between mere wigs and wigs that are correct in the matter of fit, period, style, workmanship and material. The playwright cannot slight his work without leaving the imprint of slovenliness; neither can the wig-maker. And so constant effort and intelligent labor lead to better results and lasting satisfaction.

John J. Murphy with and without a wig.

Measurement for toupee. Measurement for beard. Curling irons. Mikado wig. Waving irons. Ready for a toupee.

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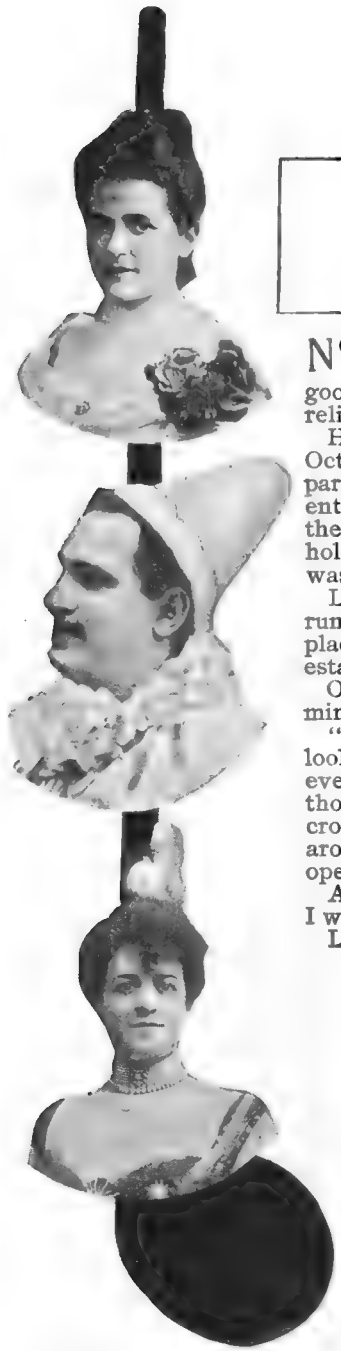

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THREE PROMINENT SINGERS OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

1. Phœbe Strakosch.
2. Philip Brazel, Anglo-Russian tenor. First appearance in America.
3. Zelie De Lussan.

The Bohemians.*

BY GORDON PALMER.

No. X. (complete in itself), "Poker and Black Eyes."

NOBODY knew very much about Jack Lorraine, though he knew everybody, and you met him everywhere. He was good-looking, had charming manners, and could always be relied upon to say or do the right thing.

He was staying at Thompson's place up in Tarrytown last October when I was there, and was the life and soul of the party. We were a jovial, almost a rowdy party, and Thompson entertained us right royally. There was every amusement under the sun; but in particular there was roulette. Thompson would hold the bank against all comers, and the gambling that went on was terrific.

Lorraine generally played poker with young Tom Borden, and rumor said that the highest play in that house of high play took place in the corner of the smoke-room where they usually established themselves after dinner.

One night before dinner Borden, an old school-fellow of mine, came into my room.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "I wish you would come and look on when Lorraine and I play to-night. He has hit me hard every night, and I can't help thinking all is not right. I have thought several times I saw him palming. I hate to think he's crooked, but if he is cheating he ought to be shown up. Don't arouse his suspicions; pretend to be drunk and keep your eyes open."

Accordingly, after dinner, simulating an overdose of the grape, I went and watched them play.

Lorraine looked glum at me at first; but presently, noting my

"We were a jolly party and Thompson entertained us right royally."

* This series was begun in our issue for January, 1900, and will continue throughout the year.

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apparent condition, he cheered up, and play went on as usual. Fortune favored first one and then the other; but her favor to Borden, if more frequently shown, only brought him small hauls, while Lorraine more than leveled matters by securing a few mighty pots.

At last Borden got a straight of hearts, king high; Lorraine had king, queen, knave, ten of clubs and a small spade; I saw him discard the spade and draw a small diamond. Then the fun began.

Borden backed his hand as if he could not lose, and, much to my surprise, Lorraine seemed determined to stay with him. The stakes assumed mammoth proportions, and Borden began to hesitate. Then I could have sworn Lorraine slipped a card from his hand to the floor, and still he held five cards. From the look he gave me I knew Borden had spotted it, too. A few more "raises" on either side, and then Borden said:

"Oh! this is too hot for me; I'll see you."

"Mine's a royal flush," said Lorraine quietly, throwing down ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs.

"You're a damned cheat, Lorraine!" I cried, jumping up. "You palmed the ace!"

"I thought so too," put in Borden.

Lorraine began to bluster, but I rushed him away from the table.

"Look on the floor, Borden," I cried; "I think he has dropped the three of diamonds there."

Sure enough, under Lorraine's chair lay the three of diamonds. He saw he had been watched and threw up the sponge.

Half an hour later four of us were in Thompson's study—Borden, Lorraine, Thompson himself and I. Lorraine was weeping copiously.

"I confess," he whined; "but it's the first time. The stakes were high; I stood to lose heavily, and I thought of my poor little girl at home, how she would have to suffer, through me—my poor little child, with her blue eyes and golden hair. I was desperate; opportunity came to me and I seized it—for her sake. Oh! you who are fathers or brothers or uncles, have pity for my motherless darling's sake."

Borden and Thompson, who are soft-hearted, were dewy-eyed at the end of this speech, and, in spite of the objections which I interposed, they insisted upon hushing up the matter.

Of course, Lorraine could not stay longer in the house, so he arranged to return to town next day on urgent private business. I, too, had business in town next day, and, rising early, caught an early train.

At Forty-second street I waited about till the next train should come, knowing it would bring Lorraine. To beguile the time I got into conversation with a black-eyed showy little woman who was waiting there.

"La Sylphe," the dancer, in motion.

IN THE PLAY-FACTORY OF LIEBLER & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

This is where all the scenery and properties for the Liebler productions are made.

1. Scene Painter's Room—At work on scene for "Lost River."
2. Property Shop—Making ships, chandeliers and mural decorations for "Monte Cristo."
3. Carpenter Shop—Making the big ballroom staircase for "Monte Cristo."
4. Frame-making Shop—Framing photos and mounting lithographs for window and lobby displays.

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WILLIAM H. CRANE AS *DAVID HARUM* IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME, scheduled for a run at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

David Harum is the bucolic gentleman with a predilection for swapping horses, who is the central figure in one of the most successful novels of the past ten years.

She was not the sort of woman I should like my friends to see me with, but it was early.

"I am waiting to meet my boy; he is coming up from the country," she volunteered. "Here's his wire."

The telegram she handed me ran:

Tarrytown.

Meet me at station. Got nice little parcel for you. JACK.

"Ho, ho!" thought I.

Eventually the train came in.

"Here's my boy," she cried, and I saw her, as I expected, join Lorraine.

I walked after them and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You forgot," I said. "Black hair it is, and devilishly black eyes, too."

"Damn you!" observed Lorraine.

BACKING HER UP.

Mrs. Joseph Herbert — That second chorus girl from the end is rather pretty.

Mr. Herbert (absently) — Yes, and she looks just as pretty off the stage.

A SAD CASE.

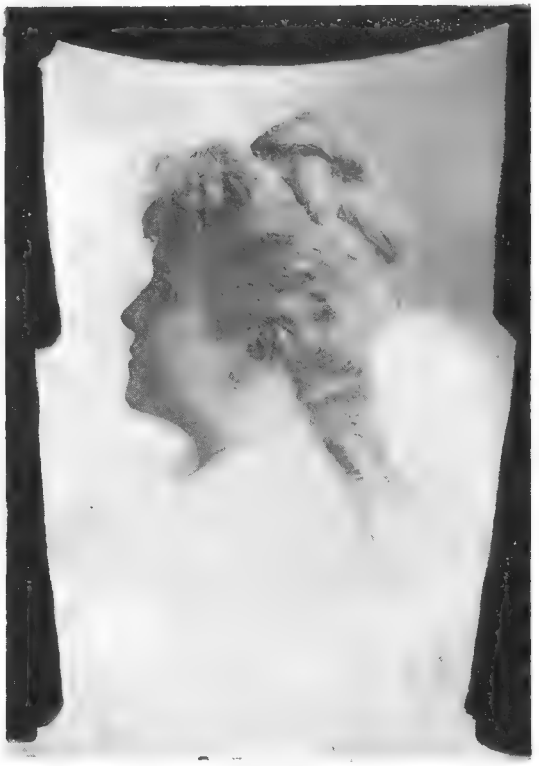
MANN—I see that the president of the Metropolitan Street Railway was once an iceman.

HATTON—Heavens! How did he lose his money?

TRIES TO AT LEAST.

FRIENDLEIGH—Don't you find it hard to be always idle?

TRAMP—Yes, but I succeed most of the time.



"THE WIDOW."

Her real name is Teresa Dean and she is the clever woman who wrote "Reveries of a Widow" and those remarkable letters from Cuba which were by all odds the most trenchant writings we have yet had on the condition in the island. Mrs. Dean has been sent to China by Colonel Mann of *Town Topics* and will treat her new subject as she did Cuba.

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CHARLES FROHMAN'S DAY.*

A SNAPSHOT SERIES OF PEN PICTURES OF AMERICA'S MOST REMARKABLE THEATRICAL PERSONAGE.

By Frederic Edward McKay.

WHEN THE CLOCK GOES OFF.

IN the morning—it is shortly before eight—thin rays of light are percolating through the many windows of the high-ceilinged apartment in Sherry's. A tiny French time-piece gives out, from its bowels, a brassy whirr. Mr. Charles Frohman raises his eyelids, twists his head, unshackles himself from drowsiness, and his valet lifts the shades.

While "Parker" is making keen the razor, the best-trained of Louis Sherry's waiters has brought three chops, a bundle of toast and a pot of coffee. Then the manager throws his muscles into play from a set of swinging rings, feels the edge of the barber's steel along his jowls, and the morning meal is attacked with the enterprise born of a good digestion.

It is nine. Mr. Frohman, darkly and snugly clothed, swings down Fifth avenue to Fortieth street and thence across to the Empire Theatre, minimizing the time on Broadway, yet running counter to human memories of Union Square days, who chirp "Good morning, Mr. Frohman!" or "Howdy, Charley!" according to their temperament, and then tell their neighbor they knew "C. F," well just twenty years ago when "he wasn't . . . and I was . . ." etc.

It is 9:15. Mr. Frohman finds himself in his revolving chair. His enormous oak desk faces him. On an elbow at one hand is a mass of correspondence—all sorts of envelopes, packages, telegrams. His long-distance telephone is at his other hand. Close behind him, on the wall, are the indexes of receipts of his companies, here and abroad.

Bunched, topping the rest of the morning mail, are a dozen telegrams and cablegrams from the treasurers of his organizations; they were sent the night before to announce the precise receipts at the respective box offices. One, for instance, is from the Duke of York's Theatre, London; another from the Valentine, Toledo; still another from the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston; the last is from Waco, Texas.

IN CONFERENCE WITH JOSEPH HUMPHREY.

It takes him a minute to figure the profit that mounted for his bank account since the previous day's summary. Snatching a second for an affable smile, he presses an electric button and lo! Joseph Humphrey, general stage manager, is hard by to take instructions regarding a comedy about to go in rehearsal. Then Mr. Alf. Hayman, general manager of the traveling companies, comes and chats five minutes' worth.

A CHAT WITH ALF. HAYMAN.

The rest is through the telephone. First it is Elisabeth Marbury, play broker, with whom Mr. Frohman communes; then Julius Cahn, booking agent; Marc Klaw, in the Holland Building, across the street; Edwin S. Bettleheim, publisher *The Dramatic News;* Harry Powers, in Powers Theatre, Chicago; a broker on Wall street, an editor in Park Row, Charles Howard Russell, who published "The Little Minister," "The Only Way" and other play-books.

Meanwhile the pyramid of letters dwindles, and the agile typewriter receives quick, pithy replies to some of them. The rest are given to——

C. B. DILLINGHAM COMES ON THE SCENE.

Charles B. Dillingham, who has arrived punctually at ten-thirty, and receives confidential information, and who leaves shortly, wearing the smile of the sphinx and glancing glintingly at those about.

And now the gathering at the outer doors, which has been thickening apace, receives the earnest attention of "Willie," the prize office-boy.

MR. JONES FROM EVERYWHERE.

This crowd, to be sure, is heterogeneous, shifting. To-day, perchance, it comprises John J. McNally, dramatic editor of the Boston *Herald;* William Harris, of Rich & Harris, who wants to talk Andrew Mack and Louis Mann; Isabel Irving, who wants a favor for a friend; Bronson Howard with a scenario he is afraid of; Clyde Fitch with a brand-new play he is not afraid of, for the Empire Stock, quite finished under his arm; John Hare's secretary, C. H. T. Helmsley, just arrived from London; an unknown girl, hoping for an engagement, with a letter of introduction from "Max Eliot," the *Dramatic News'* London correspondent; William Faversham, Benjamin F. Roeder, Joseph Howard, Jr., Franklin Fyles, of the *Sun*, George H. Broadhurst.

Some are expected, others are put off until the next day, others still are "excused" for all time.

Those that enter find Mr. Frohman, generally, walking up and down his handsome,

*Editor's Note.—Mr. McKay has been one of Mr. Frohman's lieutenants and his statements are, therefore, based on personal knowledge. It was the original intention to illustrate these pages with portraits of Mr. Frohman. There are not any to be had—and Mr. Frohman himself will vouch for the truth of this. He has not posed for any pictures in fifteen years, and those published daubs purporting to be portraits of him are libels. We never fool our readers, and therefore publish no pictures.

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but business-like, large private office, alert in manner, keen in glance, incisive in speech. They cannot fail to note the wonderfully quick grasp he has on every conceivable subject submitted to his attention. He decides with electric rapidity, is glad you came, if you had something to come for, and hates to detain you when the point has been reached.

WILLIE, THE PRIZE OFFICE-BOY.

Mr. Frohman is accessible to everyone that has a right to any portion of his time. Willie, the prize office-boy, sees to it that hundreds depart without an audience; and there are certain actors, managers and newspaper men who have at one time or another been scarcely fair to Mr. Frohman who could never get near him on any pretext whatsoever.

But we diverge.

Mr. Frohman dictates his large foreign mail. At one he is marching Delmonico-ward; possibly alone, possibly Al. Hayman, Frank Sanger, Samuel Nixon or A. L. Erlanger falling in line.

AS TO PIE.

There is an adage that Mr. Frohman, like Charles H. Hoyt, likes pie. He is much more fond of a black cigar or a raspberry tart.

This to the gossip-mongers.

In the afternoon he is apt to see a few of his more intimate business friends, to dip in at a rehearsal, or engage in lengthy correspondence with the phalanx of foreign and American playwrights, and seesaw with the names of actors at his disposal, while casting them against characters in pieces he is soon to put forward. Towards five he frequently vanishes into a hansom cab, capturing a breath of fresh air in the park, with Mr. Dillingham as A Man's Shadow.

AT DINNER.

It is the dinner hour and we find Mr. Frohman at Delmonico's, Sherry's or the Waldorf-Astoria, with a faithful crony—why not Anson Pond?—a bottle of Ruinart and an Invincible as garnishes of the feast.

---

8 P. M.

Then at eight, once more he is in the Empire, but this time in the box-office near the private telephone that connects with the Frohmanesque theatres—the Criterion, Empire, Knickerbocker, Garrick, Daly's, Madison Square, Lyceum and Garden. Every now and again he shoots a glance of secret satisfaction at the large "representative" audience that is flocking to see John Drew in "Richard Carvel," and permits himself a half-thought of the years ago when he was merely "Charley," brother of Dan and Gus Frohman, started by them in the wild West, with somewhat of a qualm, as an advance-agent. "Charley is doing really very well," wrote Gus to Dan in those days, a bit condescendingly.

He is still doing it.

Mind you, there are four months of every year—from April to August—when Mr. Frohman is abroad. In London his smart offices in Oswalde Mansions are conducted by a very "American" Englishman, William Lestocq; and Mr. Frohman has a suite of living rooms not far from the grill of the Hotel Savoy—which he leaves at instant notice for impromptu trips to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Birmingham, Liverpool.

12 MIDNIGHT, HOME.

But in New York, home and head-center, he seeks his apartments with the high ceilings and the French clock and the big arm-chairs and the automatic valet at midnight; is soon in bed—or had I not better say on it—for it is legendary that it is then and there, with a special electric light run close to his forehead, that he reads the manuscripts of dramas, melodramas, comedies, and farces that come to him by every mail, and threshes the valuable from the valueless.

That, in less than two pages, is Mr. Frohman's day—as close as I can come to it—as much as concerns BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

PLEASED WITH MRS. CARTER.

COHOES, N. Y.

Editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE, New York.

DEAR SIR—Please allow me to thank you for that lovely photo of Mrs. Leslie Carter. I never requested that her photo be published by you, yet I cannot refrain from thanking you very, very much for it.

I am a reader of BROADWAY and it is a lovely magazine, yet I never feel as though the thing is finished without Mrs. Carter's face. As it had not appeared for a number of months previous to this, it seemed more of a treat than ever.

I am not a stage aspirant, nor have I ever become enamored at sight of a pretty actress, but who is the cold-blooded wretch who could see Mrs. Carter in flesh and blood, as I have, and not fall desperately in love with her?

Hoping that you will always be successful, and that I shall soon see more of Mrs. Carter in your magazine, I am,

Yours respectfully,

FLORA T.

WHY HE SOLD.

Richard Mansfield—Yes, I sold my automobile. Had to, because it brought an army of tramps around the house.

John Slocum—Brought tramps around the house. What were they after?

Richard Mansfield—They admired the blanked machine because it wouldn't work.

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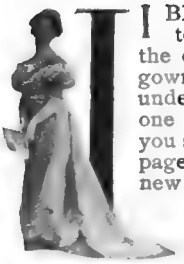
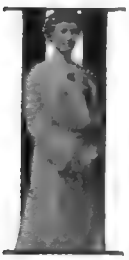
THE GIRL ABOUT TOWN.



I BLEW into an afternoon tea up at George Boldt's the other day in a new tailor gown; the new liningless kind under which you can wear only one suit of those things that you see advertised in the back pages of the magazines. Also, new spring hat. Also, a congestive chill.

With a trembling, frozen hand I extracted a monogram, trimmed with a yard of Duchesse, from my muff and dabbed at the congealed stiffness on the tip of my nose. Oscar came up to me pityingly and asked me if I'd like a rum omelet or something in a chafing dish!

I suppose he thought the blaze would cheer me. My teeth chattered as I thanked him. Just then I saw a Johnnie come in. He had a new English suit—gray, with a double wrap about the ankles—a dizzy necktie and socks to match—light tan gloves, a stick and no overcoat. There were little icicles on his eyelashes and he had a frozen face.



Talk of Mind Waves and Bonds of Sympathy! He came directly to my table and sat down, after he had shaken hands warmly as people do when they've never met before.

"Why, Gladys," he said; "who'd have thought of meeting you in this dreadful place? How's Momma? Don't say you have forgotten your old playmate Jimmie?"

"I remember the name perfectly," said I, "but I forget the face!" Then I had another chill. He turned up the collar of his coat and clapped his arms across his chest as the cable-car men do on a cold day.

"Well—little girl," he said; "we're up against it, aren't we? Have some nice hot tea with me, won't you?"

"It's very nice of you," I said, giving him a look that was as good as a wink.

"Which kind do you prefer?" he asked.

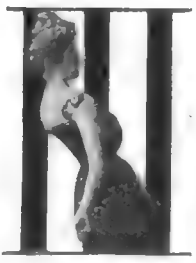
"I like it with cherries in it," I said, "and tea on the side."

"On which side?" he asked. "I want to get this order straight. We've had trouble enough for one day."

"The outside," I said softly. He smiled. So did I.

Here is a cute story of Willie Hearst—he of the baby-blue eyes and the hansom with stained-glass windows.

It seems there was a game—in the Bohemian Club—in San Francisco; three men,



of whom the Boy Millionaire was one, were playing. The hour was late.

Enter one of San Francisco's flashy youths—and when they are flashy out there you have to look at them through smoked glass. Flashy youth endeavors to get in game. Nothing doing. Faces remain frozen. It is suggested that Flashy Youth run away!

Flashy Youth, stung to the quick, brings large roll from trousers pocket and flings it on table. (When you tell this story at tea make it a thousand; when you tell it at a club make it five thousand. On Wall Street you can make it a million, if you like. They're easy down there.)

Well, Flashy Youth puts his money down and says: "There's no game in this club too big for me. Understand?"

Then the Blue-eyed Boy Editor looked across the table at the other two men and said, with his inimitable lisped half-whisper:

"Er—give—er—the gentleman—er—one white chip!"

I was lunching at Sherry's the other day with a girl I know when a man passed the window. She laughed.

"Put me next?" I said.

"He's one of my Rainy Daisies," she said. Then she told me all about it.

It's rather a good joke. We girls all know a lot of chappies who like to call afternoons when no other fellow is likely to drop in. They drink tea and tell hard-luck stories about their wasted lives—and talk of affinities and kindred spirits and all that sort of thing.

Well, this girl had a large staff of these Matinée Boys, and finally she hit on a plan. When she heard the old familiar: "I don't care to meet any of those Indians who call on you. Can't I come in some afternoon? Aren't you ever home in the afternoon?"

"Rainy afternoons only," she said sweetly. "Be clever enough to come in when it rains."

Just then we had that long dry spell—and she was inundated with letters and telegrams something like this: "I have requested that prayers for rain be offered in all the churches to-morrow," and "Cloudy weather with slight showers promised."

But when a rainy day finally did come

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about eight of these lonesome chaps who liked to talk about their empty lives lined up in that girl's parlor, and she sat there looking as unconscious as you please. So she christened them Rainy Daisies.

Next week we go to Old Point Comfort. Papa has a bad case of Coupon Thumb and Ticker Eye, and he thinks a change will do him good, like the chappie the Yale boys sing about:

"Oh, you're shifty and you're thrifty,
But I handed you a fifty
And the change will do me good!"

We faddy girls have a new wrinkle. We are perfuming our hair with just a suspicion of sandal wood—a lovely new odor from Paris. It has only one fault—it comes off on coats and one has to be very careful about nestling one's little head on his shoulder—that is, you know, if he happens to belong to some other girl.

Why don't these married boys wear tags of some sort? We girls have to proclaim ourselves by means of rings and have "Mrs." tacked to our names. I think married men should be tagged to avoid confusion and mistakes in the dark.

You know how it is when you go in a furniture store. You always find that the very nicest thing in the shop has a green tag tied to it with "SOLD" in big black letters. That's what they should do with the men.

Or it might be done by means of those dinky little buttons that men are so fond of wearing nowadays.

A crushed strawberry button might mean: "*Engaged—There is still a chance*,"—but black mottled with white—a sort of piebald button—would indicate, "*Married—No Hope—Keep Off the Grass*."

THE GIRL ABOUT TOWN.

IT COULDN'T BE.

TWICKENHAM—Harold, is that young man in the parlor making love to your sister?

HAROLD—No, sir. You can hear 'em talking.

SHE WAS A QUICK STUDY.

CLUBBINGTON—Do you think you could learn to be an old man's darling?

MISS SHYLY—I might. I learned German in three lessons.

TOM WISE as *Willie Slab* in Broadhurst's new comedy, "The House That Jack Built."

THE SECRET.

"How do you manage your wife so well?"

"Easy enough. I've learned to deny myself everything."

THE CAUSE OF IT.

"How did Rip Van Winkle happen to sleep so long?"

"He was waiting for his wife to get ready for the theatre."

SOME LEADING MEN FOR THIS SEASON.

Annie Russell—Charles T. Richman.

Anna Held—Max Figman.

Lost River—Robert Hilliard.

Empire Theatre Company—William Faversham.

Mary Mannering—Robert Drouet.

Daniel Frohman Stock Company—William Courteney.

Mrs. W. J. Le Moyne—Wilton Lackaye.

Murray Hill Theatre Company—William Bramwell.

Blanche Walsh—Hobart Bosworth.

Mrs. Leslie Carter—Charles Stevenson.

Marie Burroughs—Stephen Grattan.

Maude Adams—J. H. Gilmour,

Mme. Modjeska—R. D. MacLean.

American Theatre Company—Ralph Stuart.

Viola Allen—Robert T. Haines.

Daniel Sully—Theodore Babcock.

"Caleb West"—J. H. Benrimo.

"Ben-Hur"—William Farnum.

James O'Neill—Frederick De Belleville.

James A. Herne—Forrest Robinson.

May Irwin—Herbert Gresham.

Western "Christian" Company—J. Henry Kolker.

The "Choir Invisible"—Henry Jewett.

Stuart Robson—John E. Henshaw.

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THE PINK CHORUS GIRL.

BY WILLIE WELCH,

of the Y. M. C. A. of Saugerties, who is quite certain he knows all about the stage and who couldn't be fooled by anybody in New York. So he informs us with a stub pen and red ink.

SHE may come from Avenue A (but she never said it). Her mother was a laundress and her father a night watchman. There is a combine of starch and nocturnalness in her temperament that becomes apparent later.

Why does she drift into the theatre? Is it because she feels the historic fires consuming her vitals, or a great ambition urges her to brave the flare of the footlights?

Not a bit of it!

She has heard of it as easy. She doesn't want to pedal the sewing machine or enlarge her lungs shouting "Cash!" to the small boy in the large store. She is old enough to take care of herself, foxy enough to "putupafront," and impertinent enough to find that a certain manner "goes" with myrmidons behind the scenes. She faces the musical director with a few qualms, and when he tells her to run the scale, she begins with flat and ends sharp.

Somehow or other she passes, gets into the back line, and eventually yells herself into the front one. At first blush she feels the pinch of poverty; she piles her clothes in the corner of the dressing-room—she doesn't want them to hang up because she is ashamed of them, and her sister singers "rubber" so vociferously every time the back of the stage-manager is turned.

A fortnight in the back line and she has managed to get to the "front," and her toes are warmed by the footlights.

She doesn't suffer from stage-fright more than a minute.

Here is the line of peril or promotion. She has to determine the distinction for herself. Earnest and talented, she may wait at the lower rung of the ladder that leads upward; careless, easy, unambitious, she may choose the inclined plane that leadselsewhere.

Photo by Glasotype Company, New York.

BERTHA WILSON, WHO IS PROUD OF BEING A CASINO GIRL.

Miss Wilson drinks sarsaparilla; so the snake has only a decorative significance, thank you.

The Satanic dudes who have money they never earned themselves make a special study of the line of the chorus and the "Ready Letter Writer," and the consequence is Miss Avenue A soon gets a letter inviting her out to dine.

Three weeks ago at rehearsal she was sharing crackers and aromatic cheese with two equally indigent sisters — she did not know what a club sandwich was. The prospect of dining out dazzles her. She eventually identifies the author of her anonymous letter shivering in the shadow at the stage door. Even at this early stage of the game her feminine cunning may be more than his diplomatic deviltry; but she cannot resist the desire to dine — the great consuming desire of the chorus girl.

A few dines and she begins the wines.

A few weeks more slip away in her professional career. She comes to rehearsal late, and comes in a hansom at that. The stage manager rebukes her. She looks at him saucily, but suppresses her wrath and pockets the fine that he imposes with a

HE—What made you cut Mrs. Jay?

SHE—Because I believe the nasty cat was going to cut me.

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smile. She is getting on in the world, and a little thing like a fine doesn't feaze her.

A few more rehearsals and rebukes and she slams the stage door of the theatre so loudly that Pop thinks the house is falling down.

She rushes to the nearest drug store and telephones the Union League Club. There is a sotto-voce conversation with an occasional high-pitched note of remonstrance. Listen closely as he can, the curious drug-clerk cannot catch it all. She sits down wearily at the soda counter and insipidly sips bromo caffeine. Presently up dashes a victoria; footman alights; apologizes profusely. She imperiously orders the carriage to proceed at once to Tiffany's. She will get revenge for waiting—by ordering a diamond tiara.

Clyde Fitch, who always looks æsthetic, even when he looks bored.

Now she has a beautiful flat; but it annoys her so dreadfully because there is no private stable attached. She has to telephone every time she wants a carriage. Really the inconveniences of high life are annoying to one accustomed to luxury.

Rector's and Shanley's have grown stale. She has succeeded in mastering sufficient French to fathom Oscar's gourmand conceits that item the heaviest expense at the Waldorf.

The stage manager one day is emboldened to remark in a rather apologetic tone of voice, "My dear, you forgot four of your lines to-night." She responds rather haughtily, "Oh, that's nothing." (She has only seven lines to speak in the course of the piece.) "Those are not my lines anyhow; I never was built for an understudy."

Wonderful and passing strange is the evolution of Asso-luta Coralie Avenue A; but you can't keep a cab on a dollar a day.

Walter Damrosch in a characteristic attitude.

SOME WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK FIRSTNIGHTERS BY ARCHIE GUNN.

Colonel Tom Ochiltree, the famous story-teller and cocktail-punisher.

OFTEN ENOUGH.

John Kelly—Is the plumbing in your house open?

Tony Pastor—Sometimes.

AS IT MAY BE.

IT was a bright sunny day in May, near the close of the twentieth century, that one of the principal edifices in the great city of Chicago was crowded with a fashionable throng. It was evident that a solemn event was about to take place, and a hush came over the vast audience as the organ began to peal vigorously that good old tune, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the clergyman advanced to meet the happy couple, who were moving with harmonious steps down the aisle toward the altar.

The music ceased as the minister, taking in his hand the revised marriage and divorce statute book, proceeded to read the service. Then, turning to the principal in the joyous affair, he said solemnly:

"Do you, Casterby Jenkins, promise to leave this woman from date; to ignore, avoid and cease to have anything more to do with her, except as herein provided in the alimony section of the new charter?"

"I do," came firmly in reply.

"And do you," asked the clergyman, turning to the radiant party of the second part, "Arabella Homeway Jenkins, promise from this time forth to despise, disregard and be wholly oblivious of this man, to stop talking about him and to forget that he ever caused you any trouble?"

"I do," as firmly came from the lips of the woman.

"Then," said the clergyman, taking the ring from her hand and throwing it into the old gold contribution box behind him, "I pronounce you no longer man and wife, and may you both have better luck next time. Amen."

Maurice Grau's manner of explaining things to people.

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(From Our Special London Correspondent.)

TOD SLOAN SAT UPON BY MARIE GEORGE.

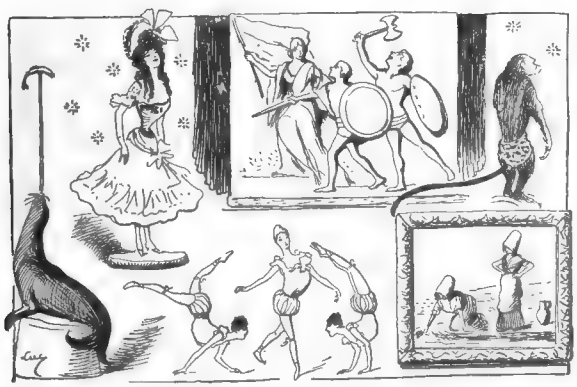
Will A. H. Chamberlyn Return to England?—Marie Tempest Wants to Sing Again—Fanny Ward as a Star.

London, September, 1900.

SINCE Tod Sloan has returned to England after winning the Futurity for William C. Whitney, he has been more uppish and impossible than ever. Recently he met little Marie George, of "The Casino Girl," at the Cecil. "Marie," said he (Tod, you know, has the privilege of calling all full-grown women by their first names), "you're an awfully pretty girl. I could learn to love you." "Tod," said Marie, "why do you remind me of a tie-up on the Broadway line?" Tod didn't know. "Because there's nothing doing." And Tod wondered if Marie was serious. He has been wondering ever since.

It is said that A. H. Chamberlyn, who has been making productions in America for the past couple of years, wants to return to London and enter the managerial field again. From what I know of Chamberlyn's affairs it would not be a safe thing for him to come back. There are judgments aggregating many thousands of pounds out against him, and he is badly wanted as defendant in many actions. Chamberlyn's theatrical career in England was brief but picturesque in the extreme, and his name is smile-provoking in professional circles in London.

Some sketches of reigning music-hall favorites in London, sent by Mr. Clarke.



Bits from turns at the Alhambra.

Notwithstanding Marie Tempest's successful dive into drama, it is not unlikely that she will return to George Edwardes and musical comedy. Mrs. Stuart, which is the other name of the whilom Marie, recently told a friend that her heart was in musical rôles, and that all the dramatic triumphs on earth could not compensate her for the long-beloved music. George Edwardes would be glad enough to get her back again, so do not be surprised if you hear of her reengagement.

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THEATRICAL NEWS AND NOTES.

Della Fox gets $500 a week from Klaw & Erlanger for appearing in "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park." She spends every cent of it. Even after all her vicissitudes of the past few years she is said to have $30,000 worth of jewels in safety vaults.

Charles B. Welles, one of the best character-actors in America, is playing *David* in "'Way Down East," in Chicago. Welles played *Hamlet* a few years ago, and his performance was praised, without stint, by the critics.

It is said that Sylvia Gerrish is to return to the stage after an absence of a good many years. Miss Gerrish, who in private life is known as Mrs. Hilton, was one of the shapely divinities of the Casino back in the '80's. She was a leader of the Bohemian set and one of the bright particular lights of the town. The announcement that she contemplates an early return to the footlights, will surprise many who supposed she had settled down to a life of quiet domesticity.

Paula Edwardes, who is, to-day, a prominent and attractive figure in musical comedy circles, was an eighteen-dollar-a-week chorus girl in one of E. E. Rice's companies a few years ago. A plump form, a pretty face, plenty of ability and hard work, have brought about the change in her fortunes.

Sam Bernard, who gets $400 a week from George Lederer, worked in a dime museum in Providence in 1884. In the same house, the old Gaiety on Westminster Street, there appeared about the same time, Arthur and Jennie Dunn, Stetson and Melville, Charles Parker and a number of others who have since become popular with the public.

Pat Sheedy, who has been managing and backing Loie Fuller in her Paris theatre, is the same Sheedy who some years ago went to Cairo, Egypt, and opened the eyes of the gamblers in that city of all-year play by the size of his bets and the circumference of his roll. Sheedy made a fortune in sporting circles in this country, and is rated at a cool half million.

Theodore Kremer is a most energetic young playwright. He runs the gamut from "Angel of the Alley," a thrilling melodrama, to "Vladimir," a romantic tragedy. Mr. Kremer is less than thirty and his income is said to be almost as large as that of Augustus Thomas, the acknowledged type of a successful American dramatist.

THE FOOTLIGHTER.

Mrs. Joseph Lewis, otherwise known as Fanny Ward, may be seen next season in a new comedy by Jerome K. Jerome. Mrs. Lewis has read the piece and thinks it fits her personality so well that she wants her doting husband to produce it. Mr. Lewis, who is a shrewd judge of diamonds and pretty faces, has already lost a handsome sum in backing his wife's stellar aspirations, and I understand that there is a pretty family row over his reluctance to go down deep into his pocket for the Jerome piece. Mrs. Lewis, by the way, is very proud of little Miss Lewis and shows her at every opportunity.

What do you think of the idea of Dan Leno going to America again after his disastrous engagement of some years ago. It seems absurd, and yet an American manager has made Leno an offer to appear in a Broadway house. Leno, sensible little man, says "No" most decidedly, and that's the end of it. Evidently, it saves the manager a good deal of money.

Maurice Grau has found a new tenor, who will be cast for one of the minor rôles at the Metropolitan Opera House during the coming season. Grau thinks the new man will make a big hit, but wants to be sure before he says much.

JAMES GARDINER CLARKE.

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FLORENCE DAVIS, AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA OF J. SCHLOSS ON A RECENT AUTUMN AFTERNOON.

Miss Davis has an eloquent face. It speaks for itself.

IN LUCK.

D'AUBER—Congratulate me, old chap! I've got a man at last who knows how to pose artistically.

SMEAR—Professional model?

D'AUBER—Well, I should say not. A real live golf-player, old fel.

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Photo by Schloss, New York.

CARA ISHAM,

who insists that her name is not Cora. She is an actress, of course. Why "of course," we cannot say, but she is, anyway.

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A Young Broadway Dancer.

CZARINA,
of the tripping toes.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

Go gle

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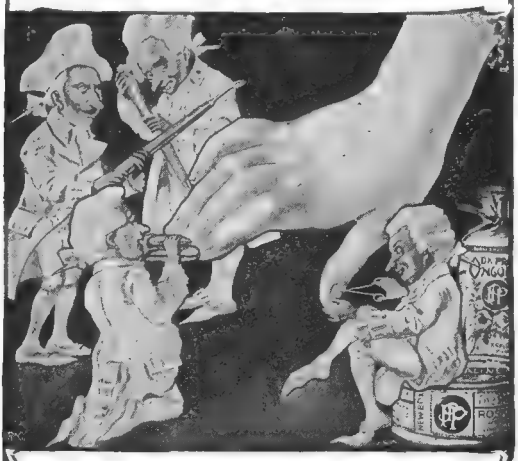

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LITTLE CHATS WITH THE PUBLISHERS.

A 12-DAY RECORD.

At this writng it is exactly twelve days since our September number was placed on sale, and during those twelve days we have received nearly three hundred subscriptions in direct response to the appeal we made to our readers in that issue that they become subscribers so we would know exactly to whom we were talking each month. Many came from those who subscribed through their newsdealers. Of course, we are pleased to receive the three hundred, but we want more —we want *you*.

Nearly all of our recent subscribers have expressed themselves to this effect: "September Broadway Magazine is by far the brightest, most substantial number you ever issued." They were right, and we promise you that they and you will both say the same about each succeeding issue. "Better and better" is our motto.

GOOD WRITERS AND MORE OF THEM.

Broadway Magazine never had so many literary and artistic celebrities on its staff as at present. Look through our September number and this issue, and convince yourself; and don't forget to keep your eye on our succeeding numbers—they will be even more convincing.

We appreciate the fact that we are living in a progressive age, and that old-time ways of doing things will not appeal to the up-to-date individual of to-day. If you want to see a magazine that is old-fashioned don't buy Broadway Magazine, because you will be disappointed every time. In fact, Broadway Magazine has honestly earned the title of "The Magazine that is different."

TELL US WHAT YOU WANT.

We like suggestions from our readers — we would like a suggestion from you. Write and tell us what you like and also what you dislike about Broadway Magazine. Your suggestions will be treated with the greatest consideration.

READ THIS!

If you are not a regular subscriber we would like to have you become one. Where could you expend a dollar so advantageously? If you are a subscriber, tell your friends about Broadway Magazine. Send us four subscribers and we will send you Broadway Magazine one year *gratis*. We shall be as pleased to have your subscription through your newsdealer as direct.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Dewar's Scotch Whisky is the Velvet Drink of the Wide World.

Form No. 2.

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FEBRUARY, 1900.—Julia Marlowe, Grace George, Grace Palotta, Sandol Milliken, Marie Lamour, Jeannette Rushworth, Maude Adams, Grace Heyer, May McKenzie, Pauline Train, Neta Rogers, Alice Pierce.

MARCH, 1900.—Adele Ritchie, Mrs. Arthur Woodruff Jaffray, Vivian Blackburn, Therese Maxwell, Judith Berolde, Mary Mannering, Mabel Fenton, Mrs. Langtry, Beryl Hope, Mabel Strickland, Katheryn Osterman, Blanche Thompson, Della Fox, Jane English.

APRIL, 1900.—Belle Robinson, Olga Nethersole, Crissie Carlyle, Maude Fealy, Fay Templeton, Ola Humphrey, Jobyna Howland, Dorothy Usner, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Brandon Douglass, Isabelle Alama, Edna Wallace Hopper, Maude White, Cissie Loftus, Lottie Williams Salter, Blanche Walsh, Anna Robinson, Beatrice Morgan.

MAY, 1900.—Maude Odell, Florence Rockwell, Dorothy Kendall, Marcia Van Dresser, The Beaumont Sisters, Maude Courtney, Edith St. Clair, May Robson, Edith Potter, Attalie Claire, Mabel Howard, Mabelle Gilman, Merri Osborne, Belle Archer.

JUNE, 1900.—The Lallemant Sisters, Caroline Heustis Graves, Maude Caswell, Ethel Henry, Mabel Trueswell, La Petite Adelaide, Florence Elliott, Eugenie Thais Lawton, Eloise de Vere, Jane Holly, Carrie de Mar, Virginia Earle, Sandol Milliken.

JULY, 1900.—Madge Lessing, Maude Adams, Alberta Gallatin, Helen Russell, Nellie Hawthorne, Margaret Lee, Amelie Karle, Nellie Gustie, Georgie Carhart, Olive Ulrich, Adelaide Orton.

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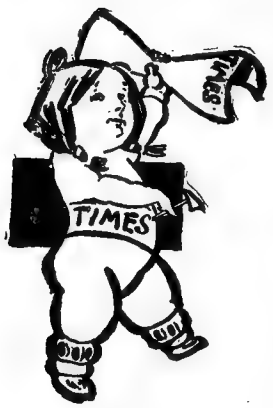

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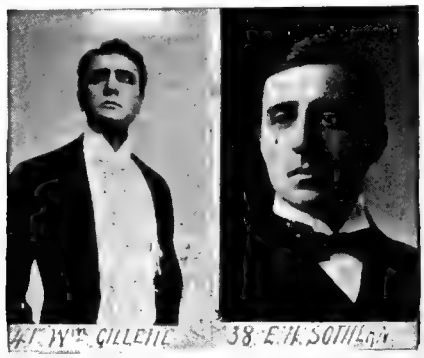

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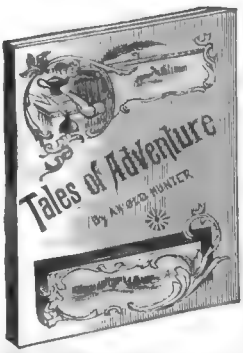

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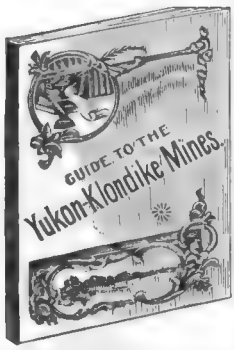

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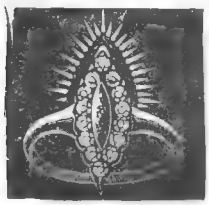

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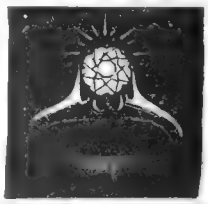

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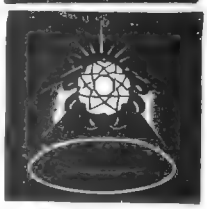

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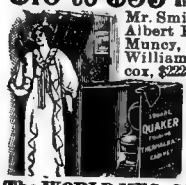

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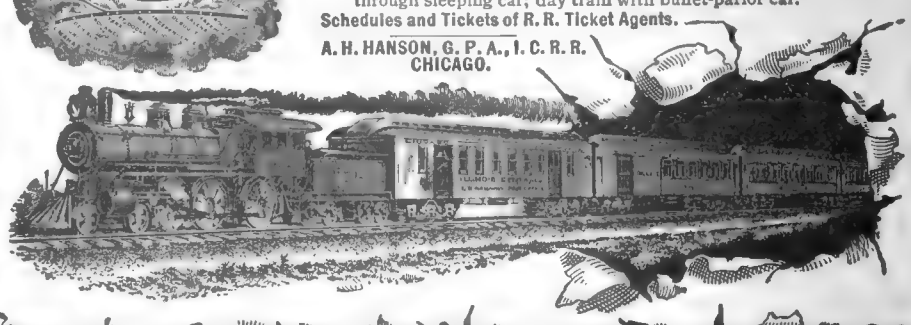

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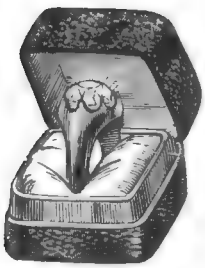

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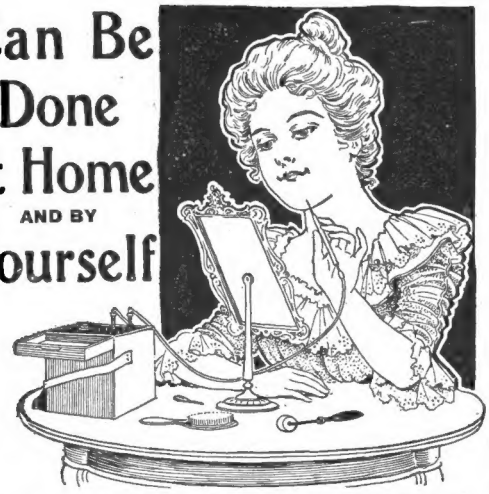

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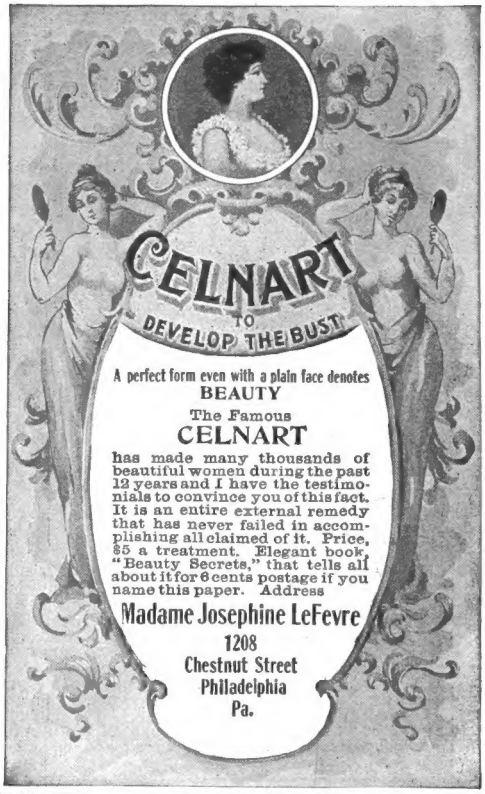
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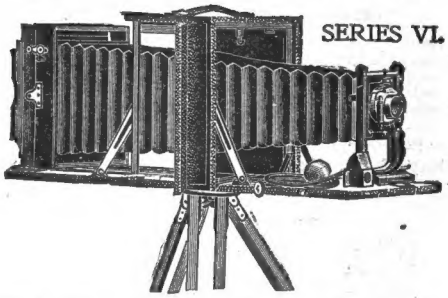

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